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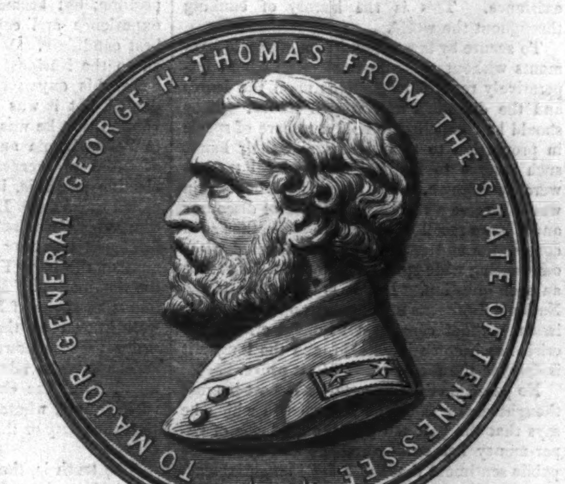
THE THOMAS MEDAL.

THE Gold Medal voted by the Legislature of Tennessee to Major-General THOMAS, the hero of Mill Spring, Chickamauga, and Nashville, is to be presented by Governor BROWNLOW on the 15th of December. That day is the second anniversary of the Battle of Nashville, and the presentation of this elegant medal will be the principal feature in its celebration.

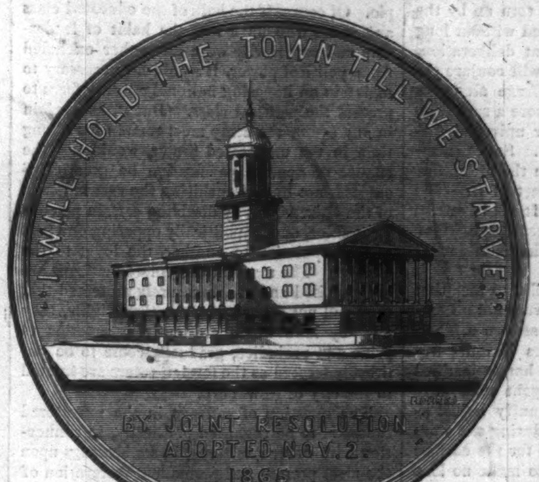
Generals GRANT, SHERMAN, THOMAS, and SHERIDAN will always hold the place in history which they now hold in the popular estimation, as the four great Generals of the War for the Union. General THOMAS was born in Southampton County, Virginia, in July, 1816. He graduated at West Point in 1840, and in 1861 succeeded to the position formerly held by General LEE in the regular army—that of Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry. In 1863 he was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship in that army; and, after his victory at Nashville, to a Major-Generalship. When he fought the battle of Mill Spring, early in 1862, he commanded a corps of BUELL'S army, and he retained command of the same corps under ROSECRANS. Our readers will remember the new hopes awakened by the victories gained by GARFIELD and THOMAS at Middle Creek and at Mill Spring, which were so soon followed by the captures of Forts Henry and Donelson, and of New Orleans. In one respect General THOMAS has been more fortunate than our other great Generals. He has never suffered a defeat on the field. Even at Chickamauga, when the right and centre of the army were driven from the field, he alone stood fast, and, by the help of reinforcements which came upon the field just in time, and almost by accident, succeeded in holding his ground.

But THOMAS'S crowning victory was gained at Nashville, December 15, 1864. No battle of the war had been more critical. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in sending Gen. HOOD Northward, staked the Confederacy upon HOOD'S success. Whether HOOD succeeded or failed was of more immediate and momentous consequence than the issue of SHERMAN'S advance to the Atlantic sea-coast. But with SHERMAN'S success and HOOD'S defeat combined there was no hope left.—HOOD seems to have been subject to some fatuity or evil genius. He waited for days in front of Nashville, while THOMAS was quietly but rapidly concentrating all the available forces of the West—and when THOMAS was prepared HOOD threw down the wager of battle, and was beaten and routed as no army save LEE'S was routed during the war. HOOD'S army was not only defeated; it was obliterated.

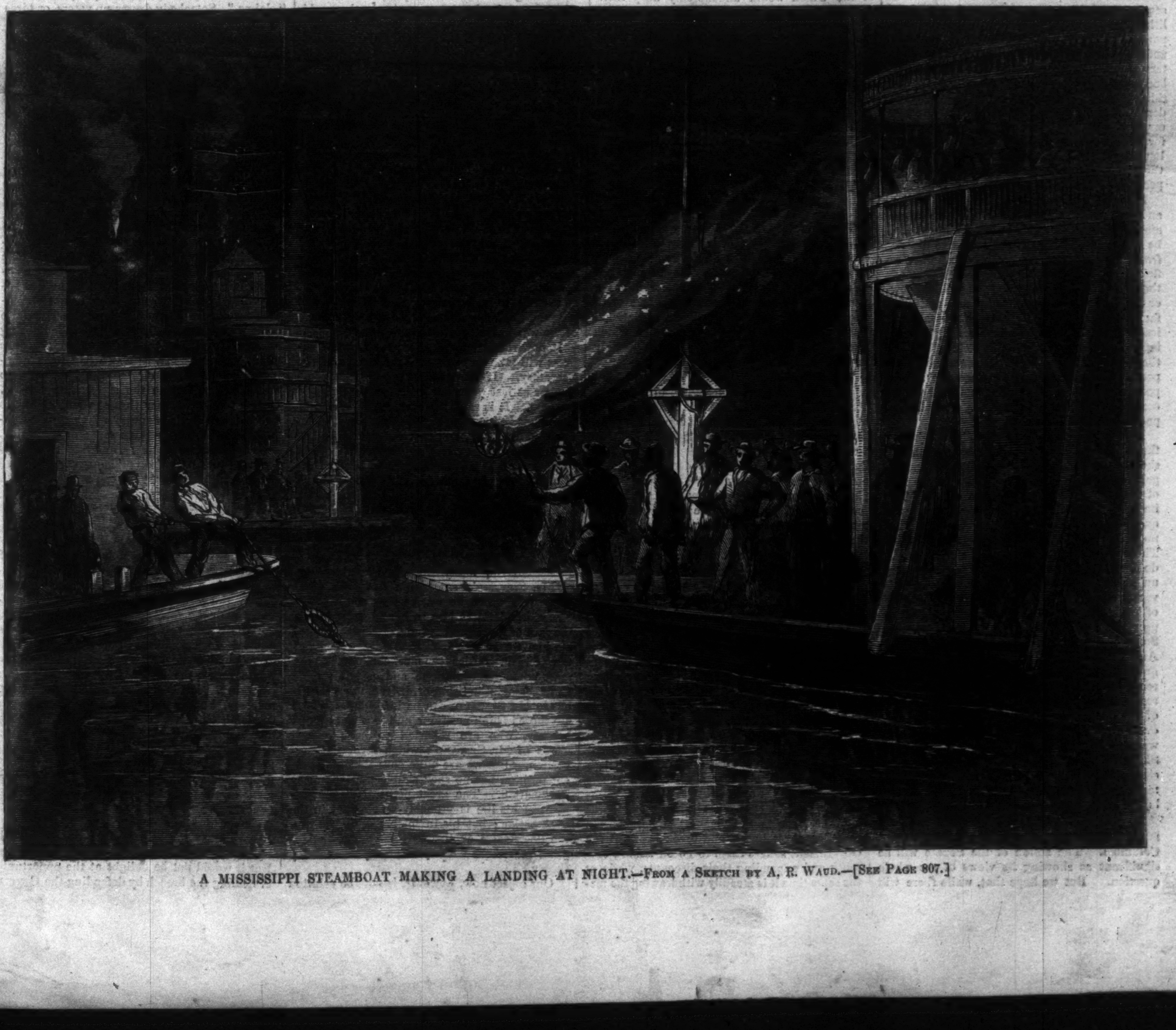
The Medal, of which we give an illustration, is of gold, and displays a workmanship admirable in every particular. Messrs. TIFFANY & Co., by whom the work was executed, consider the medal one of the most successful productions that they have sent


TO MAJOR GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS FROM THE STATE OF TENNESSEE
* *

THE THOMAS MEDAL (OBVERSE).


"I WILL HOLD THE TOWN TILL WE STARVE."
BY JOINT RESOLUTION
ADOPTED NOV. 2.
1865

THE THOMAS MEDAL (REVERSE).



A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT MAKING A LANDING AT NIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

from their work-shops. The *obverse* presents a beautiful medallion head of the General surrounded by this inscription: "To Major-General George H. Thomas, from the State of Tennessee." The *reverse* has upon it, in *bas relief*, a view of the Capitol at Nashville, about which is inscribed General Thomas's Message from Chattanooga at the time when it was so closely besieged by Bragg: "I will hold the town till we starve," etc.

Beneath the Capitol, and in line, is placed the words: "By joint resolution, adopted Nov. 2, 1865." In size the medal is about three inches in diameter, its weight being one pound Troy. It is a token of regard and appreciation that General Thomas may well be proud to receive from the State of Tennessee.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, December 22, 1866.

RESTORATION AND SUFFRAGE.

THERE is no royal road to restoration. The social and political systems and traditions of a State can not be violently torn up by the roots and new systems introduced without long delays and patience and prudent deliberation. There is no magical word that will conjure the difficulty away. Universal suffrage alone, or impartial suffrage alone, is no more a sure solution than universal amnesty or universal disfranchisement of the late rebels. Suffrage, indeed, is an essential element in the process of restoration, but it is only a part of it. The question is very complicated. It can be settled only gradually and by the increasing light of experience as we advance. The chief danger of the situation is impatience. A year ago it was confidently asserted by intelligent men that if the work of reconstruction were not accomplished by the end of the last session of Congress the people would put the Union party out of power. The event has hardly justified the prediction. Those intelligent men were profoundly mistaken. The country is just as patient and steady as it was during the war; and while it hopes and wishes for the earliest possible restoration, it means to make no leap in the dark.

We lately showed that the ineligibility to office of certain specified leaders of the late rebellion at the pleasure of Congress, and without depriving them of the vote, was a cardinal necessity of the method of restoration. There is another of the utmost importance, and that is the enfranchisement of the colored citizens of the unrestored States. The political object of this is twofold. First, to avoid the inevitable consequences of depriving a vast population of political power in the midst of those who have the power and are hostile to the unenfranchised; and, second, to create a large and, in some quarters of the lately disturbed section, a controlling body of loyal voters. The authority to do any thing toward this result, like that of the President's action in appointing Provisional Governors, is derived from the necessity of providing for the public safety after a severe and prolonged war, which is not at an end, whether there are forces in the field or not, until the people by their representatives so declare.

It is therefore merely a question of policy, and not of principle, as has been sometimes stoutly asserted, how this enfranchisement shall be procured—whether it shall proceed directly from the National Government, or whether efficient motives shall be presented to persuade those who at present exercise the political power to enlarge it. Undoubtedly, as a matter of fact and experience, it is always wiser that radical political changes should proceed from the immediate political community to be affected by them. But this is not always practicable; especially when such changes are essential to purposes over which those communities have no control, and to which they may even be opposed.

It is equally a point of expediency whether the suffrage, by whatever authority established, shall be limited only by age, residence, and legal innocence of crime, or whether the capacity of reading and writing shall be added. The imperative rule is merely that, whatever the qualification, it be truly equal, in order that no privileged political class shall be created. Those who claim that suffrage is a natural right do not deny that it must be regulated by certain uniform conditions which do not work a deprivation of the right. Thus, a certain maturity of age is always deemed indispensable, and is a provision approved by universal common sense. So the ability to read and write is urged by many Americans as a further qualification, upon the ground that in this country no citizen has reached the age of twenty-one and is unable to read and write except through a willful rejection of the opportunities equally afforded him with every other man. But this is true only of what were lately called the Free States. In the late Slave States there was no general public provision of education, and it was a legal offense to teach the laborers to read or write. And this brings us to the practical bearing of the subject.

Senator Morrill has introduced a bill regulating the electoral franchise in the District of Columbia. The action of the Senate will be significant as showing its views of the whole question. But we hope that, while there will be the amplest comparison of views, no action at this time will be allowed to establish a precedent. The subject should be left unfettered; for it may be very proper to do in the District of Columbia what would be extremely unwise in some of the unrestored States. The bill of Senator Morrill, according to the statement from Washington, provides that every male adult, legally innocent, who is a citizen of the United States and has lived six months in the District, who can write his name and read the Constitution of the United States, and who took no voluntary part in the rebellion, shall be a voter. This may be an admirable and timely provision in the District, but how would this serve as a system of suffrage in the unrestored States, bearing in mind that the object is to develop a numerical loyal vote for the Government, and to move toward actual pacification?

It is indisputable that if Congress should enfranchise only every loyal male adult in the late Slave States who could read and write, the political power in all of them would be intrusted to an insignificant fraction of the people. Of course if the bulk of the educated class and those who have had the habit of leadership and superiority were altogether excluded from political power, it would be necessary to maintain an imposing national military force to protect the political class. But if, as is plain in any event, the army must remain for a long time in the unrestored States, would not the chance of general pacification be greatly increased, not by disfranchising the vast majority of the citizens, but by disabling certain persons from office, and by politically opposing one part of the population to another, the loyal to the disloyal. The moment the colored citizens are enfranchised and are so securely protected that they will not fear to exercise their rights, they will, by laws which are entirely superior to pride and prejudice, gradually come to be politically treated as the foreign voters are treated in the city of New York.

The question of suffrage in the unrestored States is to be regarded politically, in connection with other questions, in its bearings upon the most prompt and permanent restoration of the Union. We must not be superstitious. We must not suppose that the mere ballot is the open sesame of the situation. If Congress enfranchises the colored citizens of the unrestored States, it must not only defend them with rifles but with education. In the long-run, the ballot is a wise weapon only in intelligent hands; and while at present the same instinct which kept the hands of the colored people true to the Union would undoubtedly keep their votes no less true, there would be demagogues enough who would strive to hold them in ignorance that they might hereafter control them more easily. Extension of political power to the freedmen is essential to the national peace. If it can not well be compassed by just but indirect coercion of their neighbors, it must be accomplished directly by the national power, and that power must secure the object of its action by providing education also.

THE SECRETARY AND SPECIE PAYMENTS.

The Secretary of the Treasury says that he will adopt no policy that is likely to lead to a commercial crisis. But at the same time he suggests that the legal tenders may be curtailed at the rate of six instead of four millions a month, and he has no suggestion whatever to offer with regard to the curtailment of National Bank notes. Here is a contradiction which some of the Secretary's friends might possibly do well to explain.

The National Currency, of which about $300,000,000 are afloat, is redeemable in legal tenders. By law the National Banks are required at all times to hold legal tenders equal in amount to twenty-five per cent. of their liabilities. In fact, they are expected to be able to pay all their liabilities in legal tender on demand. There are at the present time about $385,000,000 of plain legal tenders in existence. If the Secretary curtails these at the rate of six millions a month, or $72,000,000 a year, wherewithal will the National Banks redeem their issues, and how shall we escape a commercial crisis?

Those who claim to know the private views of Secretary M'Culloch say that he is looking out for the Government, and for the Government only—leaving the National Banks to look out for themselves. If this be the case it would be but fair to say so. That the National Banks must break, if Mr. M'Culloch withdraws the legal tenders in which they are bound to redeem their issues, is too clear to need demonstration. Set a pyramid on its head and it will fall to the ground. Take away the base on which the superstructure of National Currency and National Bank discounts has been erected and the whole edifice must come down. There are many who hold that the National Banks must break sooner or later in any event. Without stopping to controvert this proposition, it must be clear to the meanest comprehension that they must break, and break badly, if the Government suffers them to go on issuing currency and expanding their discounts, while at the same time it is steadily withdrawing the medium in which their issues are redeemable and their deposits payable.

It is just possible, but not at all likely, that the United States can resume specie payments without a violent commercial crisis. To escape that crisis the change must be gradual and spread over a long period of time. Gold must decline slowly and steadily to par, prices must fall with it, and commerce and finance must contract *pari passu*, so that on the day of resumption the banks shall owe so little that they can pay their notes in coin. Such a gradual resumption is possible, as we said. But it is not in the least likely, and the main reason why it is not likely is, that the National Banks are morally certain to keep their issues out and their discount line full so long as they can legally do so. A few institutions here and there, managed by men of experience, will prepare for the storm in due season. But by far the greater number of the twelve hundred National Banks scattered over the country, if uncontrolled by law, will continue to issue currency and discount paper to the very last moment of their existence. This is the history of banking throughout the world.

To secure by law a resumption of specie payments without a commercial crisis would imperatively require restrictions upon the issues and the discounts of National Banks. They should be compelled to hold a reserve of specie in proportion to their issues and their loans, such reserve to increase as the legal tenders were withdrawn. To do this without ruin would involve a severe contraction of discounts and a large recall of currency. Whether such contraction and recall could be effected without causing wide-spread commercial distress is an open question. But it is clear that if the National Banks can not contract and reduce their issues without causing a financial crisis, that crisis has become inevitable, and the longer it is delayed the more severe will it prove.

No passage of the Secretary's Report is more thoughtworthy than the sentence in which he says that the past few years' experience of paper-money has so demoralized and debauched public sentiment that not a few influential leaders of public opinion are actually opposed to all steps which lead to the resumption of specie payments. It is too true. At least two leading metropolitan journals, to say nothing of half a dozen leading Members of Congress, are openly opposed to currency contraction, and to any and all measures which may tend to make the United States dollar equal in value to the dollar of other countries. It is notorious that, from being one of the cheapest, this has become one of the dearest countries in the world to live in; that taxation here is more oppressive than in Great Britain; that industry is becoming paralyzed, and commerce precarious; that our people are becoming poorer daily, while foreign nations are steadily enriching themselves at our expense; and that this state of things must go on, and grow steadily worse, so long as our currency remains in a condition of disgrace. At the same time it is obvious that, the agony of resumption once passed, our resources are such that the country would speedily recover, the cost of living would fall, taxation would be lighter, the reward of industry and commerce would be sure, capital would flow hither from all parts of the world, and the condition of all classes would be improved. Yet, in spite of all this, there are found leading men and leading organs of opinion which denounce all measures leading to resumption, and cling to paper-money doctrines. Well may the Secretary declare that the experience of the war has debauched men's minds.

It now remains to be seen what action Congress will take on the recommendations of the Secretary. If the majority are in the same temper as last year but little can be expected of them. It is said, however, that the cost of living has begun to tell upon the views of Western constituencies, and that members who last winter were opposed to any reduction of the currency will now consent to invest Mr. M'Culloch with larger powers. It is due to him to say that his administration has, in the main, entitled him to unusual confidence.

POLITICAL "CLAIMS."

Among the many ingenious explanations of Mr. Seward's separation from the great party with which he was so long connected is one which declares him to have resolved upon the ruin of the party because it failed to nominate him for President at the Chicago Convention of 1860. This is the most common and the most popular speculation; and certainly none more shameful in itself, or, if true, more injurious to Mr. Seward, can be imagined. There are those in high positions, and of unquestioned honesty, who are reported to have quoted words of Mr. Seward's which favor the suggestion. But we are quite sure that his present position has no such simple and summary explanation. The great political disappointment of his life is probably an element in the explanation; but his invincible optimism and the doctrinaire or theoretical tendency of his mind must both make part of any satisfactory theory.

Our object now, however, is not the solution of a painful problem, but to consider the ground upon which Mr. Seward's disappointment is supposed to rest. This, in a word, is said to be the refusal of the party to recognize his claims. It is urged that he did more than any one else to create the Republican party, and to insure its success; that he gave all his powers to it; that he was its acknowledged national leader; and that, when victory was probable, it was the duty of the party to recognize his claims by nominating him for the Presidency. But those who say this—Mr. Seward himself if he think this—forget all the important facts. Mr. Seward is a politician. He left the Whig party when the Whig party was plainly gone forever as a political power, and he left just at the proper moment. Having taken his new position he naturally brought all his force to bear to fortify and maintain it. His party associates willingly acknowledged his services, and in his own State elected and re-elected him United States Senator.

But they did this not because he had any claim, or could have any claim, upon official position, but because he seemed to them by experience and capacity and availability the best candidate. When his name was presented to the National Convention for the Presidency his experience and capacity were not denied, but it was the conviction of the Convention that he was not an available candidate in Pennsylvania and other States which were essential to success, and that, even were his election probable, it would transfer what was called the Albany Lobby to Washington. Mr. Seward's "claims" were not urged. In the brief and touching speech in which the chairman of the New York delegation moved that the nomination of Mr. Lincoln be made unanimous he spoke of Mr. Seward as a statesman well known to the country and thoroughly proved, whose powers and sagacity would insure a faithful administration of the Government. But the chairman was much too wise to insinuate, whatever he may have thought, that the party or the Convention were ungrateful.

The truth is, that the people may claim any political service of any citizen, but no citizen can have any political claim whatever upon the choice of the public, except that which is founded upon the general conviction of capacity and discretion. The feebleness and inefficiency which are usually held to characterize the public service in many departments, as compared with private enterprise, spring from the custom of appointing men to office, not for fitness or competency, but for party service or "claims." Somebody drums up voters, or hires carriages, or calls meetings, or breaks heads, and when success alights upon the party banner he is rewarded by a small office. We knew one such candidate, who, being bred to an honest trade, sighed for the repose of a Custom-house berth, and who pleaded, not his capacity and industry and fidelity, but that he had "done all the dirty work of the party for ten years." And if it be a question of claims, his were indisputable.

Offices which involve the prompt and economical administration of the details of the Government, and still more those which involve its general foreign and domestic policy, can not be considered as party rewards to which claims may be established by party service without the most vital injury to the public welfare. That Mr. Seward may have supposed otherwise, and have felt that he was betrayed by his party because he was not nominated for the Presidency, only shows how false a theory upon the subject has prevailed among us. Suppose it had been adopted, and, because of his "claims," Mr. Seward had been nominated in 1860 and elected President— We prefer not to pursue the supposition further. Only let us remember that the sole claims to public trusts in this country which can be safely considered are common sense or discretion, capacity, honesty, industry, and fidelity to equal human rights. Partisan diligence certainly does not invalidate these, but it can not supply their place.

FOREIGN WAR.

The one thing for which every enemy of this country at home and abroad most fervently prays is a foreign war. Abroad, it would justify the prophecies of every Tory sympathizer with the rebellion who has insisted that the consequences of our victory would be a military spirit which must necessarily be fatal to a popular government; and at home, it would renew the troubles from which we are emerging. He is a very poor student of history and human nature who supposes that a war with England or France would unite the late insurgents heartily with the Government or the loyal country. It is one of those silly theories which can be entertained for a moment only by those who would leave the settlement of our national questions to emotions of generosity and an assumed fraternity. Nobody can seriously doubt that the spirit which still controls the late insurgent States would hail with delight the prospect of a foreign war. But it would not be delight at the opportunity of healing the breach by defending the Government; it would be satisfaction in the prospect of the overthrow of the Government. Suppose a foreign force, landing at any port below the Capes of Virginia, would it be repelled with energy by the late Confederates or saluted with enthusiasm?

The answer to that question reveals the peculiar peril of foreign complication, and it also shows why Democratic leaders are not averse to it, and why the Administration should be closely watched. Public confidence in the President is not profound, and the course of the Secretary of State is not reassuring. There is nothing which the loyal people of this country would at this time so earnestly oppose as a foreign war; but it is in the power of an administration to put the country in a difficult position from which war may readily appear to be the only honorable escape. Congress will, therefore, undoubtedly require the amplest information upon every subject with which the State Department is charged. There is supposed to be in that Department a jealousy of Congressional inquisition—a feeling that inquiry is sometimes impertinence. But the State Department is but a branch of the public service, and Congress has the clear right to demand that the country shall know how it is being served; and, above all, shall know that its wishes and purposes are not being thwarted.

The correspondence with France lately published shows how heartily Louis Napoleon wishes to get out of Mexico. He said last year that he would withdraw his troops in three divisions, the first to move in November. When November came he stated to Mr. Bigelow that he proposed to remove the whole force at once, and perhaps not until March. To this intimation the Secretary of State sent rather a peremptory and a purely diplomatic reply by the Atlantic cable. A simple request to know the reason of the change of determination would have been both cheaper and wiser. For after the reasons alleged why the United States could not acquiesce in the change of plan, which were very feeble reasons, Louis Napoleon's reply was exactly what every body who has watched the Mexican affair expected. He said in effect that the presence of large bodies of United States troops upon the Mexican border, which occasionally crossed the line, their open sympathy with the Mexican opponents of the empire, and the equally frank expressions of opinion by General Sheridan, commanding in the Gulf Department, and of General Grant, chief of the armies of the United States, made it dangerous for him to divide his retiring forces, and would expose the last division left in the country to peculiar peril.

This is a very simple and sensible explanation, which, it seems to us, might have occurred to the Department of State. Indeed, in this age of common sense and general intelligence, a simpler and more sensible diplomacy might be wisely adopted than that which assumes that under all circumstances the other party is trying to do precisely the opposite of what it declares. When once the French occupation of Mexico was seen to be a total mistake and failure, the work of a sagacious diplomacy was to assume that the French Emperor wished to withdraw, as he undoubtedly did, and not to wear even an air of menace which would merely furnish him a pretext for rejoinder and debate.

CONGRESS.

Congress has begun its work with a will. It seems very conscious that it is not to remain in session for eight months, and that after the long debates of the year the country looks seriously for results. There has been some boyish effervescence, and, of course, there has been a profuse shower of propositions from every side to solve the problem of the time. We repeat the hope which we expressed during the last winter, that some representative whose radical convictions are as unquestionable as those of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens will save Congress and the country from the disgrace of his unchecked talk and action. The motion of this gentleman that the House should adjourn during the reading of the President's Message was not so much an insult to the President as to the whole country; and his remarks at the banquet of reception were both untimely and foolish.

That the President has disgracefully assailed Mr. Stevens is true. Does Congress then mean to make the President its model of decency? He is quite as good at the game of vindictive vituperation as Mr. Stevens. Did the President help himself or his cause by the 22d of February speech or by his Western speeches? Will Congress help itself by imitating him? Mr. Thaddeus Stevens should be taught that Congress is the immediate representative of the people of the United States, and that its forgetfulness of dignity and propriety is infinitely more offensive than that of the Executive officer.

It is a very common and a totally false idea that decency of manner and language is incompatible with strong conviction or effective action. We hear it said that the President is a coarse man and must be coarsely encountered. No conclusion could be more untrue. A Congress which should steadily pursue its course, tranquilly fulfilling the popular will, quietly passing necessary bills over the Executive veto, without a word of derision or acrimony, and while it paralyzed any unwise or dangerous Executive attempts, preserved profound silence toward the Executive officer, would confound him a thousandfold more than a Congress which bandied insults with him. And so a leader who should represent the unbending popular will, and refuse to abandon himself to rhetorical or sarcastic fury, would have a power in the House, with the country, and over the Executive, which Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, with all his brilliant antics, can never reach. Let us hope that some members will reflect that it was the apparent assent of the House to the vagaries of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens a year ago which so seriously disturbed its hold upon many of the most loyal men in the country, who, however, had no alternative but to support Congress when the issue was fairly joined in the canvass. If it be an impeachable offense, as General Butler seems to suppose, for the Executive Department of the Government to bring the Legislative into contempt, what is the remedy when the Legislative branch retorts? May not that account be considered settled, and the Impeachment be reserved?

The very power of Congress, however, and its support by the country, will tend to make it moderate and mannerly. There is really no contest between it and the President, for the force is too much on one side. Even the Democrats desert him. Surely no public man ever encountered such sudden and bitter retribution. It is not much more than a year since the chief orator at the Democratic Albany meeting nominated him for next President. And now a Democratic leader in the House says that to attempt to shoulder the present Executive would destroy any party. After that nothing can be said. The country has a right to expect hearty, honest, and efficient work from its representatives, and neither sneers nor sarcasms upon the President. There was a time when they were legitimate weapons, but it is happily passed.

MURDER, CONTINUED.

The ferry-boat *Idaho*, of the New York and Brooklyn Ferry Company, left her dock in Williamsburg on the evening of November 26, and when she had gone about five hundred yards a large lighted kerosene lamp was upset, and the boat instantly took fire. The engines were reversed, the hose was rigged, but so rapid and fierce were the flames that it was impossible to regain the dock. Fortunately another ferry-boat, the *Minnesota*, came up and rescued the passengers. But she could not approach very near on account of the fury of the fire, and to save herself was compelled to leave several persons on the burning steamer. These, seizing life-preservers, jumped into the water, and were picked up by a row-boat.

Our readers will remember that we described a fire upon the Sound steamer, the *Plymouth Rock*, a few weeks ago. That, also, was caused by a kerosene lamp. We earnestly advise every traveler, before embarking upon any steamer whatever upon which he must pass the night, to ascertain whether it carries kerosene lamps. If it does, let him with others act as a committee of vigilance and safety. And this should be done until a law can be passed forbidding any steamer whatever to light itself with kerosene lamps. Their use should be as rigorously prohibited upon steamers as the free transport of gunpowder. It is plain that, unless some positive restriction is placed upon them, we shall presently record some appalling accident arising from their use.

Before the investigation of the loss of the *Evening Star* is satisfactorily finished there is that of the steamship *Suwanee*, which sailed from New York the morning after the burning of the *Idaho*. A day or two after she struck upon a shoal, and was got off only by lightening her of part of her cargo. She ran for the Delaware Breakwater, anchored, took in more freight, and sailed again, apparently without examination or repair. On the 3d of December she was struck by a hurricane off the South Carolina coast, and went down at about eight o'clock the next morning, the ship's company having previously put to sea in three boats. The supercargo says that when the *Suwanee* sailed from New York she was loaded down, "with her guards under water."

Human life is not only lost, it is squandered among us. Who is responsible for suffering a steamer to go to sea loaded so heavily that her guards were under water? The *Suwanee's* freight was arms for the Republic of Mexico. Her owners are announced as Messrs. Simons & Cary, of Philadelphia, and Elijah H. Cattell, of New Jersey. By whom was she chartered? Somebody conspired with the storm to sink her. Somebody made sure of her destruction. How many vessels similarly doomed, if they chance to encounter a similar hurricane, are leaving the port of New York every week? The intelligent American people are sent to sea in winter in rotten old tubs overloaded and undermanned, or they are conveyed by hundreds in steamers with lighted kerosene lamps dancing along marble tables until they tumble and kindle the dry, light wood-work around them, and the kind folk good-naturedly think it is very shocking! If these lines are read by any traveler upon such a steamer, we advise him again to look about him.

NOW AND THEN.

We do not know where to look for a more striking illustration of the regeneration of the country than is to be found in the position, sympathies, and words, upon certain subjects, of the late and the present Chief Justice of the United States. It is not ten years since Judge Taney uttered the Dred Scott decision, and misrepresented history to prove that in the idea of the American Government men of African descent had no rights which other men were bound to respect. His successor, Judge Chase, is the President of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, and upon taking the chair at the late meeting of the Pennsylvania branch he said: "When I find myself in any position incompatible with labor for the poor, the needy, and the oppressed, that position shall not hold me."

Such words by such a man upon such an occasion show how heartily American sentiment now tends toward its fundamental principle of Justice and Equal Rights.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 4:

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner gave notice of his intention to introduce resolutions for the entire control of Congress over the subject of reconstruction, and the right to exclude the late rebellious States from representation in Congress, and from voting on amendments.

In the House, an additional rule was adopted for the appointment by each Congress of a standing committee on freedmen's affairs.—The Bounty bill of the last session was referred to the Military Committee for amendment, and the bill increasing the pay of members to the Judiciary Committee for repeal.—A resolution was adopted insisting upon the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment; also a resolution instructing the Committee on Territories to inquire into the propriety of providing Territorial governments for the late rebel States.

December 5:

In the Senate, a bill, introduced by Mr. Wade, for the admission of Nebraska into the Union as a State was ordered to lie upon the table for the present.—The Committees for the session were announced.—A resolution offered by Mr. Williams, instructing the Committee on Retrenchment to inquire to what extent the President has the right to restore confiscated property under the laws of the United States, was adopted.—The House bill taking away the President's Amnesty power was referred to the Committee on Judiciary.—Mr. Sumner then introduced the resolutions of which he had given notice the previous day. They were read and ordered to be printed.—The joint resolution proposing a Constitutional Amendment making the President ineligible for re-election was referred.—The House resolution continuing the Committee on Reconstruction was concurred in.

In the House, a bill was passed limiting the number of peremptory challenges in criminal cases; also a bill protecting the rights of loyal citizens in the South.

December 6:

In the Senate, Mr. Trumbull reported favorably from the Judiciary Committee the House bill to repeal the Amnesty power of the President. The bill went over under the rules.

In the House, the Post-Office Committee was instructed to inquire into the expediency of conferring upon the Post-Office Department the same jurisdiction over telegraph lines which it now exercises over post-offices and post-roads.—A Select Committee of three was appointed to proceed to New Orleans to investigate the July riot.—The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the propriety of directing martial law to be proclaimed in those counties of the Southern States where Union men have been murdered, and the laws not enforced against the murderers.—The Committee on Foreign Affairs was instructed to inquire as to the measures necessary to secure the recognition by other nationalities of the principle of our Naturalization Laws.—Mr. Schenck's bill to fix the times for the regular meeting of Congress was discussed at length. It was provided, in the first section, that Congress shall meet on the 4th of March.

December 10:

In the Senate, Mr. Wade reported back the bill for the admission of Nebraska, with a recommendation that it pass.—Mr. Edmunds, of the Committee on Retrenchment, to whom was referred the bill to regulate the term of office, reported a substitute which provides that the President shall suspend from office only in cases wherein the holder is guilty of misconduct or crime, or from some other reason has become disqualified or incapable of performing his duties, the President also to have power to fill vacancies occasioned by natural causes during the recess of the Senate.—A resolution was adopted that the Committee on the Post-office inquire as to the expediency of the Post-office Department assuming control of the telegraph lines.—Mr. Morrill's bill for "impartial restricted suffrage in the District of Columbia" was discussed.

In the House, Mr. Ward introduced a bill to reorganize the Southern States, providing for Provisional Governors, universal suffrage, State conventions, etc.—The President was requested to furnish a complete list of persons pardoned for offenses during the rebellion.—The Reconstruction Committee were requested to report upon the expediency of admitting Southern Representatives.—The bill convening the next Congress on the 4th of March passed by 124 to 9.—The Senate bill of last session regulating Invalid Pensions was reported, with some amendments, and passed.—The Surratt correspondence was laid before the House.

ARREST OF SURRATT.

There can scarcely be a doubt that in John H. Surratt our Government has secured Booth's chief accomplice. America, Europe, and Egypt have been successively the hiding-place of this criminal. For nearly fifteen months he has been watched and followed. The first intimation which our Government received of his whereabouts was by a letter, dated September 27, 1865, written to Secretary Seward by A. Wilding, Vice-Consul of Liverpool. Surratt, it seems, fled to Canada after the assassination, where he remained four months, and on the 25th of September, 1865, arrived in Liverpool. The informant from whom Vice-Consul Wilding got his information became acquainted with Surratt on the passage from Montreal to Quebec.

Surratt was traveling under the name of M'Carthy, and was introduced to the informant as a passenger who "had compromised himself." On the passage from Quebec to Liverpool Surratt became confidential; spoke of having great difficulty in escaping from the United States to Canada; smiled when some connection with the assassination of Lincoln was imputed to him; admitted that he had been in the Confederate service, engaged in conveying intelligence between Washington and Richmond, and that he was concerned in a plan for carrying off Lincoln from Washington, which was entirely concocted by Booth and himself, and that he came to Canada just before the assassination; and, finally, he declared his real name to be Surratt. While in Canada, he said, he received a letter from Booth indicating the necessity of a change in their plans, and, in compliance with the letter's request, started for Washington. But whether he went there or not he did not say, but said that on his way back to Canada he heard of the assassination and hurried to escape. Our Minister, Mr. Adams, had not sufficient evidence to warrant Surratt's arrest, although the latter was for several weeks within the province of our Consulate.

On the 25th of October Mr. Potter, our Consul-General at Montreal, furnished Mr. Seward with corroborative evidence as to Surratt's departure for Montreal. According to Mr. Potter's information, Surratt was then in Montreal, waiting to receive money from Canada, when it was his intention to start for Rome. In Canada he had been secreted most of the time in Montreal, and latterly by a Roman Catholic priest at Three Rivers. He was disguised, having dyed his hair, eyebrows, and mustache, stained his face, and put on glasses. It appears that Surratt had manifested no signs of penitence, but had told his friends that, if he could live two years longer, he would serve Johnson as he had Lincoln.

On April 23, 1866, Mr. Seward was informed by Mr. King, at Rome, that Surratt had enlisted in the Papal guards under the name of John Watson, and was stationed with his company at Sezze. Mr. King's informant declared that Surratt had confessed to him his participation in the assassination, and declared that Jefferson Davis "had incited or was privy to it."

At Rome, July 21, 1866, a statement was signed by the principal informant against Surratt to the effect that this informant had been at the beginning of the rebellion teaching school in a small village in Maryland (Little Texas, or Ellengowan), and there became acquainted with Weichman and Surratt. Weichman, it will be remembered, was the principal witness for the Government at the trial of the assassins of Lincoln. About six months before the end of the war this informant removed to Washington. Weichman was there with him. From difficulties with Weichman, he left Washington and joined the Union army as a substitute. His native country was Canada, and thither he found his way, having been captured by the rebels, imprisoned in Castle Thunder, and finally released by General Winder on his promise to go to Canada.

He had met Surratt lately in Italy, and the latter had acknowledged that he was the instigator of the murder of Lincoln, and had acted in the instructions and orders of persons he did not name, but some of whom are in New York and others in London. He said a party in London offered him £10,000 to publish a statement of the affair, but he refused. He was now receiving money from parties in London. He did not know Jeff Davis, but had acted under instructions under his immediate orders. When the assassination took place he was in New York.

During last month Surratt was supposed to be in the hospital at Sara, Italy. He had been arrested, but had escaped. On the 17th of November he succeeded in getting off from Naples for Alexandria, Egypt, where he was recently captured.

THE BROADWAY ROBBERY.

Charles Cady, head book-keeper and confidential clerk of Riker & Co., brokers in gold-mining securities at No. 80 Broadway, on the day before Thanksgiving decamped, taking with him certificates of stock valued at over $100,000, which he abstracted from the safe. The safe was blown open on the 1st of December—the third day after the disappearance of Mr. Cady, and the loss was discovered. On the subsequent Thursday the thief was arrested at the Tontine Hotel in this city, confessed his guilt, and delivered up the stolen property. He had made arrangements for sailing the next day (Friday) for New Orleans.

GOVERNOR PIERPONT'S MESSAGE.

Governor Pierpont sent in his Message to the Virginia Legislature December 3. He recommends the passage of the Constitutional Amendment. In regard to the Amendment he asks:

"But are the conditions imposed by Congress hard? Congress indicated that the disabilities enumerated in the Amendment are not to be perpetual, by reserving to itself the power to repeal them. The conditions are not nearly as hard as they might be. The person of the citizen is safe; his property is not threatened with confiscation; it is not proposed to administer our laws by strangers; the power over the question of suffrage is left with the States. For the sake of securing peace and its blessings, may it not be an act of exalted patriotism for a portion of the old and the middle-aged citizens to yield gracefully to a necessity they can not avert? It only brings the young men a little earlier into public life, and will tend to the earlier development of their energies. By the acceptance of the Amendment tranquillity will be secured to the South. The young men and the old men will enter upon a new field of prosperity; intercommunications will be opened between all parts of the country, and by the exercise of a little forbearance, in a few years a perfect restoration will be effected."

GOVERNOR PATTON ON THE AMENDMENT.

In a special Message transmitted December 6 to the Alabama Legislature Governor Patton recommends the passage of the Amendment. His principal argument is, that the refusal to adopt the Amendment allows the Radicals an opportunity to impose their own terms of restoration. The harshness of the measure, he thinks, will be mitigated "by time and the influence of our representatives."

NEWS ITEMS.

Professor Samuel G. Brown, of Dartmouth College, and author of the valuable memoir of Rufus Choate, has been elected President of Hamilton College.

The Central Pacific Railroad is complete to Cisco, 93 miles east from Sacramento.

The Tennessee House of Representatives has voted against a bill providing for the maintenance of free common schools in that State.

FOREIGN NEWS.

BY TELEGRAPH.

December 5:

The London *Times* indorses the President's Message, and declares that the *Alabama* claims ought to be immediately settled.

December 6:

(London.)—Two more regiments have been ordered to Ireland, and three iron-clads to the Irish coast.

(Dublin.)—Frequent arrests of Fenians continue to be made. The Governor of the City Prison has asked for a military guard.

(Marseilles.)—Dispatches received from Candia state that the insurgents had blown up a convent, and that 2000 Turks had lost their lives by the explosion.

December 7:

(Liverpool.)—All the depots of arms in this city have been placed under armed guards. The excited state of feeling among the Irish population renders these precautions necessary.

(Pesth.)—The Hungarian Diet has agreed to the address to the Emperor of Austria, proposed by M. Deak.

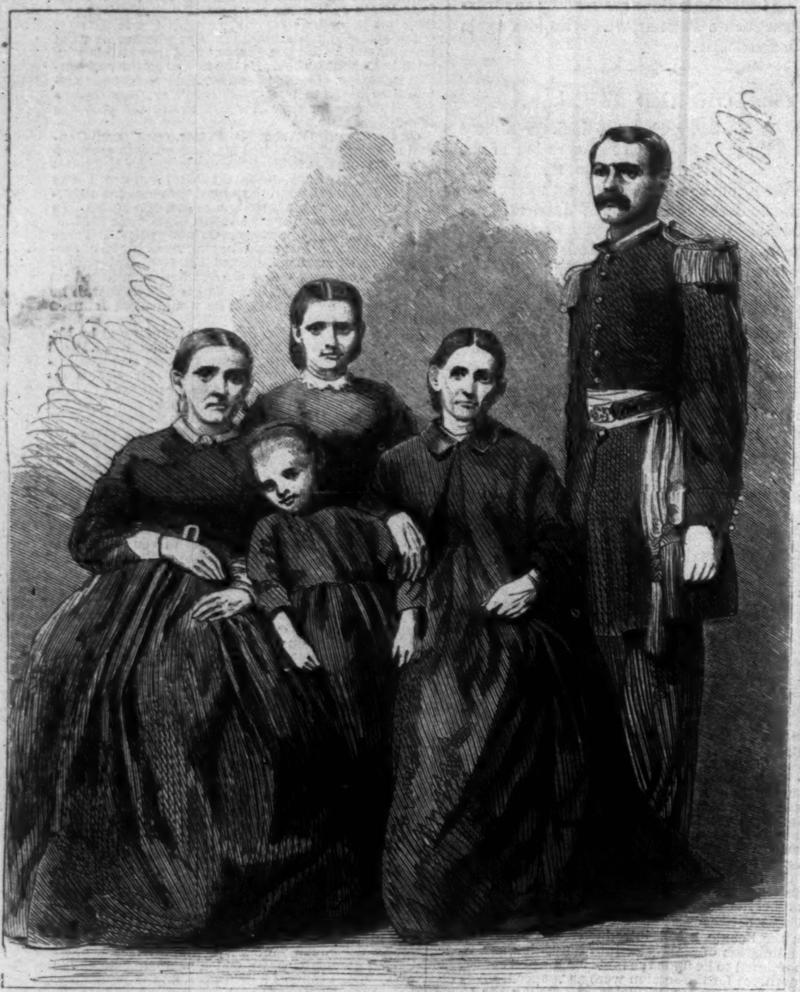
December 8:

(London.)—The Fenian troubles in Ireland are evidently assuming still more alarming proportions, as it is reported here to-day that, in addition to the troops already dispatched to that island, two cavalry regiments have been ordered to the scene of disturbance.

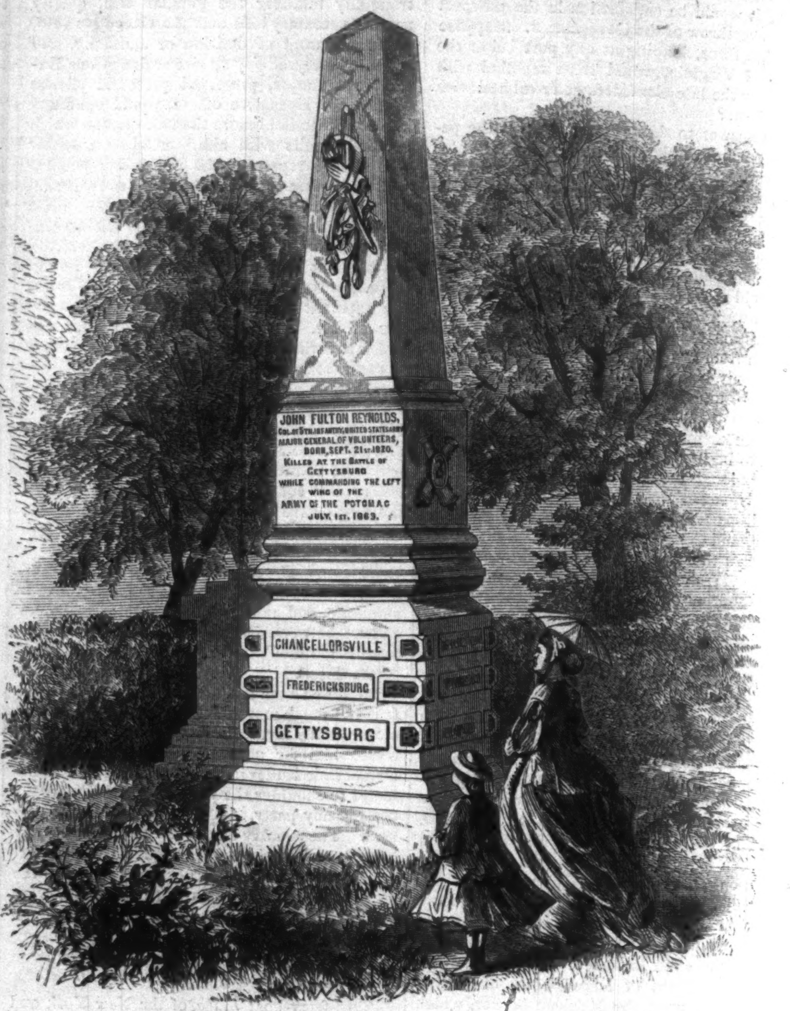
December 10:

(London.)—The *Times*, in an editorial this morning, says that the Fenians have been fairly checkmated, and that it would be madness on their part to attempt rebellion. Cardinal Cullen has issued a pastoral, urging the Irish people to obedience to the law and the avoidance of all secret societies. Arrests continue to be made, and more artillery will leave for Ireland soon.

(Paris.)—The new Minister to the United States, M. Berthemy, sailed for New York on Saturday.



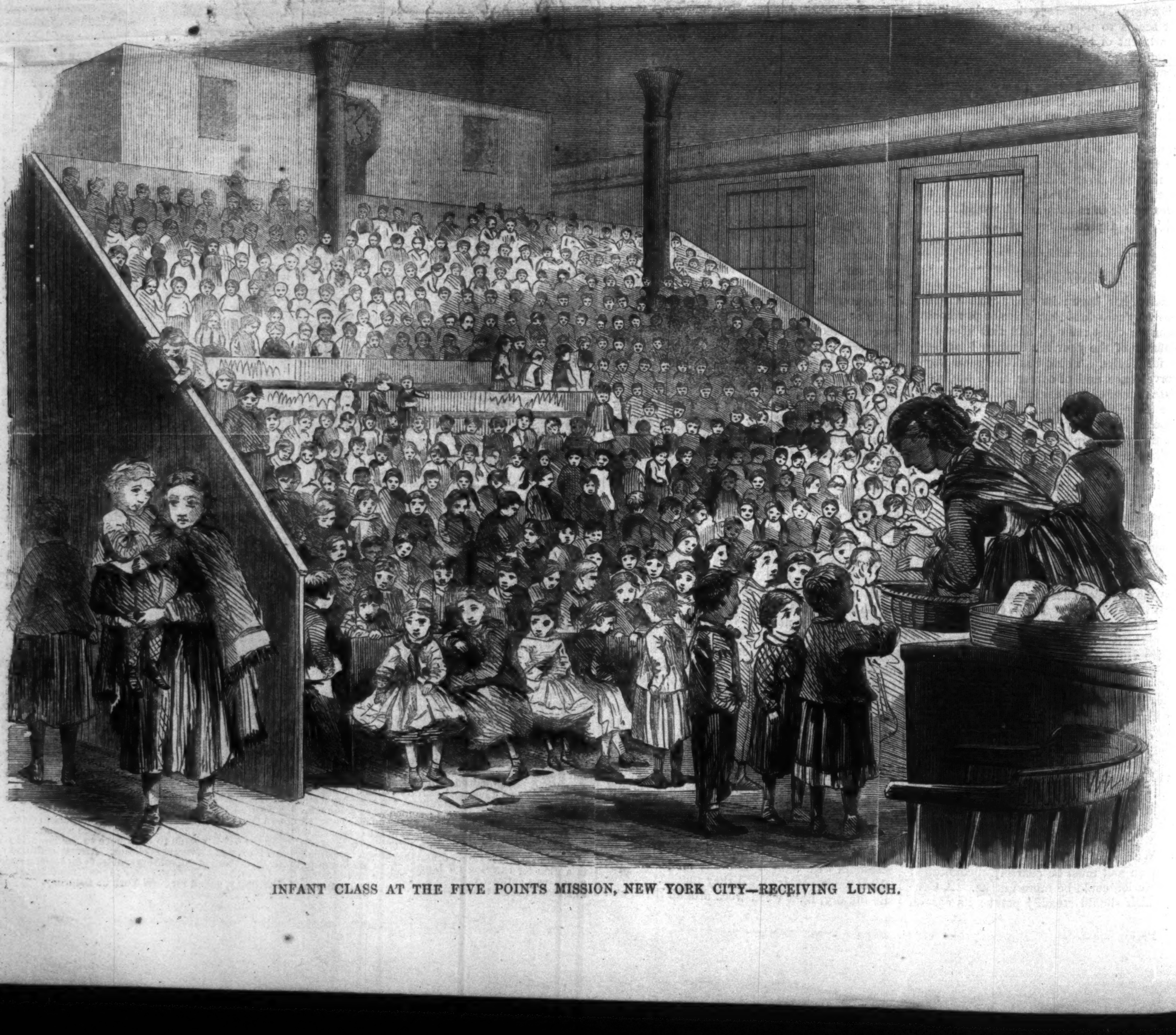
MRS. BOX, HER DAUGHTERS, AND LIEUTENANT HERSELBERSER.—[SEE PAGE 806.]


JOHN FULTON REYNOLDS,
COL. OF 5TH. INFANTRY, UNITED STATES ARMY
MAJOR GENERAL OF VOLUNTEERS,
BORN, SEPT. 21st. 1820.
KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF
GETTYSBURG
WHILE COMMANDING THE LEFT
WING OF THE
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC
JULY. 1st. 1863.
CHANCELLORSVILLE
FREDERICKSBURG
GETTYSBURG

MONUMENT TO MAJOR-GEN. J. F. REYNOLDS.—SKETCHED BY JOS. BRIMMER, JR.—[SEE PAGE 806.]

INFANT CLASS AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION.

AMONG the interesting features connected with the Ladies' Five Points Mission, established in this city on the site of the "Old Brewery," there is none more remarkable than the Infant Class, which is the subject of an illustration on this page. The room extends through the entire depth of the building, and is about twenty-five feet in width. Over two hundred children, varying from two to six years and of almost every nationality, are seated upon elevated forms, and are daily drilled in the alphabet, rudimentary spelling, and singing. In due time they are "promoted" to a class higher, and, if they can be retained long enough, are advanced to the higher studies taught in the institution. Over five hundred regular scholars throng the rooms of this flourishing Mission, and the Board of Managers are about making arrangements to enlarge the Mission buildings. No charity can more forcibly commend itself to our citizens. Our sketch represents the Infant Class at the time of dismission, in the act of receiving lunch.



INFANT CLASS AT THE FIVE POINTS MISSION, NEW YORK CITY—RECEIVING LUNCH.

[Continued from No. 517.]

BIRDS OF PREY.

By the Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

Book I.—Fatal Friendship.

CHAPTER V.

THE LETTER FROM THE "ALLIANCE" OFFICE.

UPON the evening of the day on which Mrs. Halliday and the dentist had discussed the propriety of calling in a strange doctor, George Sheldon came again to see his sick friend. He was quicker to perceive the changes in the invalid than the members of the household, who saw him daily and hourly, and he perceived a striking change for the worse to-night.

He took care, however, to suffer no evidence of alarm or surprise to appear in the sick chamber. He talked to his friend in the usual cheery way; sat by the bedside for half an hour; did his best to arouse Tom from a kind of stupid lethargy, and to encourage Mrs. Halliday, who shared the task of nursing her husband with brisk Nancy Woolper—an invaluable creature in a sick room. But he failed in both attempts; the dull apathy of the invalid was not to be dispelled by the most genial companionship, and Georgy's spirits had been sinking lower and lower all day as her fears increased.

She would fain have called in a strange doctor; she would fain have sought for comfort and consolation from some new quarter. But she was afraid of offending Philip Sheldon; and she was afraid of alarming her husband. So she waited, and watched, and struggled against that ever-increasing anxiety. Had not Mr. Sheldon made light of his friend's malady, and what motive could he have for deceiving her?

A breakfast-cup full of beef-tea stood on the little table by the bedside, and had been standing there for hours untouched.

"I did take such pains to make it strong and clear," said Mrs. Woolper, regretfully, as she came to the little table during a tidying process, "and poor dear Mr. Halliday hasn't taken so much as a spoonful. It won't be fit for him to-morrow, so as I haven't eaten a morsel of dinner, what with the hurry and anxiety and one thing and another, I'll warm up the beef-tea for my supper. There's not a blessed thing in the house; for you don't eat nothing, Mrs. Halliday; and as to cooking a dinner for Mr. Sheldon, you'd a deal better go and throw your victuals out into the gutter, for then there'd be a chance of stray dogs profiting by 'em, at any rate."

"Phil is off his feed, then; eh, Nancy?" said George.

"I should rather think he is, Mr. George. I roasted a chicken yesterday for him and Mrs. Halliday, and I don't think they ate an ounce between them; and such a lovely tender young thing as it was too—done to a turn—with bread-sauce and a little bit of sea-kale. One invalid makes another, that's certain. I never saw your brother so upset as he is now, Mr. George, in all his life."

"No?" answered George Sheldon, thoughtfully; "Phil isn't generally one of your sensitive sort."

The invalid was sleeping heavily during this conversation. George stood by the bed for some minutes looking down at the altered face, and then turned to leave the room.

"Good-night, Mrs. Halliday," he said; "I hope I shall find poor old Tom a shade better when I look round to-morrow."

"I am sure I hope so," Georgy answered, mournfully.

She was sitting by the window looking out at the darkening western sky, in which the last lurid glimmer of a stormy sunset was fading against a back-ground of iron gray.

This quiet figure by the window, the stormy sky, and ragged hurrying clouds without, the dusky chamber with all its dismally significant litter of medicine-bottles, made a gloomy picture; a picture which the man who looked upon it carried in his mind for many years after that night.

George Sheldon and Nancy Woolper left the room together, the Yorkshirewoman carrying a tray of empty vials and glasses, and among them the cup of beef-tea.

"He seems in a bad way to-night, Nancy," said George, with a backward jerk of his head toward the sick chamber.

"He *is* in a bad way, Mr. George," answered the woman gravely, "let Mr. Philip think what he will. I don't want to say a word against your brother's knowledge, for such a steady studious gentleman as he is had need be clever; and if I was ill myself, I'd trust my life to him freely; for I've heard Barlingford folks say that my master's advice is as good as any regular doctor's, and that there's very little your regular doctors know that he doesn't know as well or better. But for all that, Mr. George, I don't think he understands Mr. Halliday's case quite as clear as he might."

"Do you think Tom's in any danger?"

"I won't say that, Mr. George; but I think he gets worse instead of getting better."

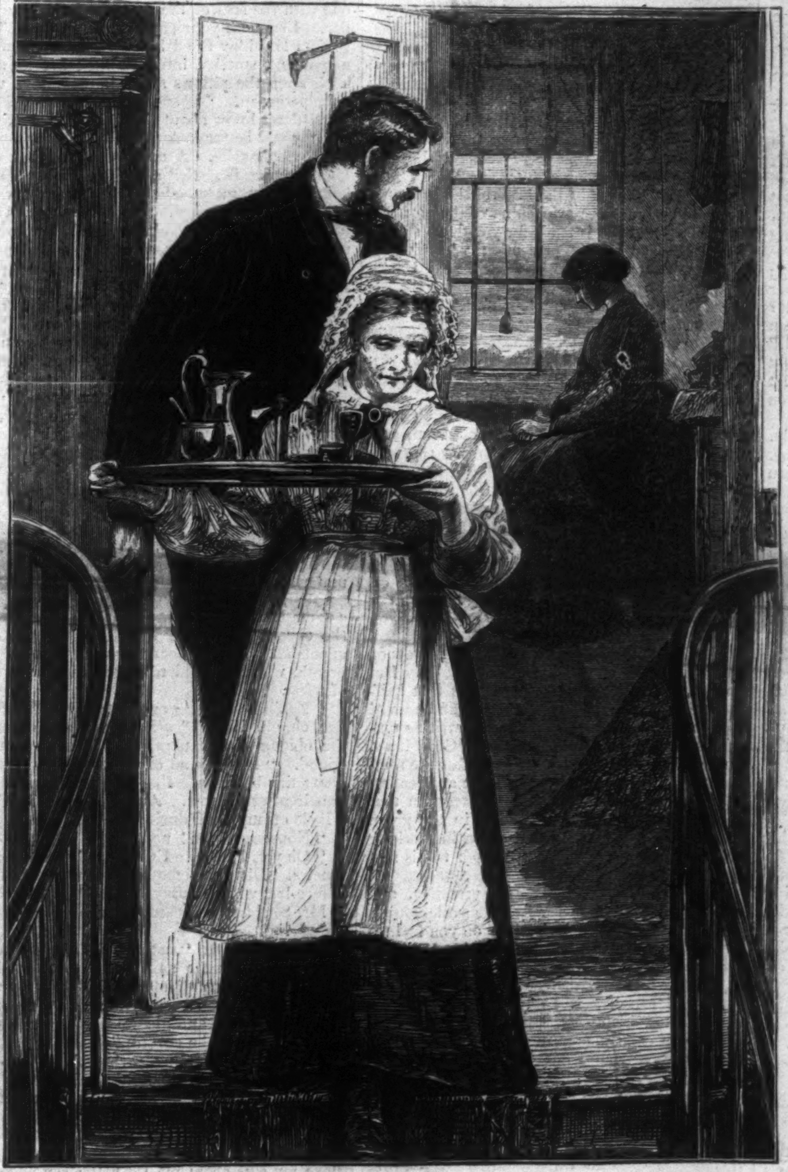
"Humph!" muttered George, "if Halliday were to go off the hooks, Phil would have a good chance of getting a rich wife."

"Don't say that, Mr. George!" exclaimed the Yorkshirewoman reproachfully; "don't even think of such a thing while that poor man lies at death's door. I'm sure Mr. Sheldon hasn't any thoughts of that kind. He told me before Mr. and Mrs. Halliday came to town that he and Miss Georgy had forgotten all about past times."

"Oh, if Phil said so, that alters the case. Phil is one of your blunt outspoken fellows, and always says what he means," said George Sheldon. And then he went down stairs, leaving Nancy to follow him at her leisure with the tray of jingling cups and glasses. He went down through the dusk, smiling to himself, as if he had just given utterance to some piece of intense humor. He went to look for his brother, whom he found in the torture-chamber, busied with some mysterious process in connection with a lump of plaster of Paris, which seemed to be the model of ruined battlements in the Gothic style. The dentist looked up as George entered the room, and did not appear particularly delighted by the appearance of that gentleman.

"Well," said Mr. Sheldon the younger, "busy as usual? Patients seem to be looking up."

"Patients be —— toothless to the end of time!" cried Philip, with a savage laugh. "No, I'm not working to order; I'm only experimentalizing."



THE QUIET FIGURE BY THE WINDOW.

"You're rather fond of experiments, I think, Phil," said George, seating himself near the table at which his brother was working under the glare of the gas. The dentist looked very pale and haggard in the gas-light, and his eyes had the dull sunken appearance induced by prolonged sleeplessness. George sat watching his brother thoughtfully for some time, and then produced his cigar-case. "You don't mind my smoke here?" he asked, as he lighted a cigar.

"Not at all. You are very welcome to sit here, if it amuses you to see me working at the cast of a lower jaw."

"Oh, that's a lower jaw, is it? It looks like the fragment of some castle-keep. No, Phil, I don't care about watching you work. I want to talk to you seriously."

"What about?"

"About that fellow up stairs; poor old Tom. He and I were great cronies, you know, at home. He's in a very bad way, Phil."

"Is he? You seem to be turning physician all at once, George. I shouldn't have thought your grubbing among county histories, and tattered old pedigrees, and parish registers had given you so deep an insight into the science of medicine!" said the dentist, in a sneering tone.

"I don't know any thing of medicine; but I know enough to be sure that Tom Halliday is about as bad as he can be. What mystifies me is, that he doesn't seem to have had any thing particular the matter with him. There he lies, getting worse every day, without any specific ailment. It's a strange illness, Philip."

"I don't see any thing strange in it."

"Don't you? Don't you think the surrounding circumstances are strange? Here is this man comes to your house hale and hearty; and all of a sudden he falls ill, and gets lower and lower every day, without any body being able to say why or wherefore."

"That's not true, George. Every body in this house knows the cause of Tom Halliday's illness. He came home in wet clothes, and insisted on keeping them on. He caught a cold; which resulted in low fever. There is the whole history and mystery of the affair."

"That's simple enough, certainly. But if I were you, Phil, I'd call in another doctor."

"That is Mrs. Halliday's business," answered the dentist, coolly; "she knows that if she doubts my skill, she is free to call in whom she pleases. And now you may as well drop the subject, George. I've had enough anxiety about this man's illness, and I don't want to be worried by you."

After this there was a little conversation about general matters, but the talk dragged and languished drearily, and George Sheldon rose to depart directly he had finished his cigar.

"Good-night, Philip!" he said; "if ever you get a stroke of good luck, I hope you'll stand something handsome to me."

This remark had no particular relevance to any thing that had been said that night by the two men. Yet Philip Sheldon seemed in no wise astonished by it.

"If things ever *do* take a turn for the better with me, you'll find me a good friend, George," he said, gravely; and then Mr. Sheldon the younger bade him good-night, and went out into Fitzgeorge Street.

He paused for a moment at the corner of the street to look back at his brother's house. He could see the lighted windows of the invalid's chamber, and it was at those he looked.

"Poor Tom," he said to himself, "poor Tom! we were great cronies in the old times, and have had many a pleasant evening together!"

Mr. Sheldon the dentist sat up till the small hours that night, as he had done for many nights lately. He finished his work in the torture-chamber, and went up to the common sitting-room, or drawing-room as it was called by courtesy, a little before midnight. The servants had gone to bed, for there was no regular nightly watch in the apartment of the invalid. Mrs. Halliday lay on a sofa in her husband's room, and Nancy Woolper slept in an adjoining apartment, always wakeful and ready if help of any kind should be wanted.

The house was very quiet just now. Philip Sheldon walked up and down the room, thinking; and the creaking of his boots sounded unpleasantly loud to his ears. He stopped before the fire-place, after having walked to and fro some time, and began to examine some letters that lay upon the mantle-piece. They were addressed to Mr. Halliday, and had been forwarded from Yorkshire. The dentist took them up one by one, and deliberately examined them. They were all business letters, and most of them bore country post-marks. But there was one which had been, in the first instance, posted from London; and this letter Mr. Sheldon examined with especial attention.

It was a big, official-looking document, and embossed upon the adhesive envelope appeared the crest and motto of the Alliance Insurance Office.

"I wonder whether that's all square," thought Mr. Sheldon, as he turned the envelope about in his hands, staring at it absently. "I ought to make sure of that. The London post-mark is nearly three weeks old." He pondered for some moments, and then went to the cupboard in which he kept the materials wherewith to replenish or to make a fire. Here he found a little tin tea-kettle, in which he was in the habit of boiling water for occasional friendly glasses of grog. He poured some water from a bottle on the side-board into this kettle, set fire to a bundle of wood, and put the kettle on the blazing sticks. After having done this he searched for a tea-cup, succeeded in finding one, and then stood watching for the boiling of the water. He had not long to wait; the water boiled furiously before the wood was burned out, and Mr. Sheldon filled the tea-cup standing on the table. Then he put the insurance-office letter over the cup, with the seal downward, and left it so, while he resumed his walk. After walking up and down for about ten minutes he went back to the table and took up the letter. The adhesive envelope opened easily, and Mr. Sheldon, by this ingenious stratagem, made himself master of his friend's business.

The "Alliance" letter was nothing more than a notice to the effect that the half-yearly premium for insuring the sum of three thousand pounds on the life of Thomas Halliday would be due on such a day, after which there would be twenty-one days' grace, at the end of which time the policy would become void unless the premium had been duly paid.

Mr. Halliday's letters had been suffered to accumulate during the last fortnight. The letters forwarded from Yorkshire had been detained some time, as they had been sent first to Hyley Farm, now in possession of the new owner, and then to Barlingford, to the house of Georgy's mother, who had kept them upward of a week, in daily expectation of her son-in-law's return. It was only on the receipt of a letter from Georgy, containing the tidings of her husband's illness, that Mr. Halliday's letters had been sent to London.

Thus it came about that the twenty-one days of grace were within four-and-twenty hours of expiry when Philip Sheldon opened his friend's letter.

"This is serious," muttered the dentist, as he stood deliberating with the open letter in his hand; "there are three thousand pounds depending on that man's power to write a check!"

After a few minutes' reflection he folded the letter and resealed it very carefully.

"It wouldn't do to press the matter upon him to-night," he thought; "I must wait till to-morrow morning, come what may."

CHAPTER VI.

MR. BURKHAM'S UNCERTAINTIES.

THE next morning dawned gray and pale and chill, after the manner of early spring mornings, let them ripen into never such balmy days; and with the dawn Nancy Woolper came into the invalid's chamber, more wan and sickly of aspect than the morning itself.

Mrs. Halliday started from an uneasy slumber.

"What's the matter, Nancy?" she asked, with considerable alarm. She had known the woman ever since her childhood, and she was startled this morning by some indefinable change in her manner and appearance. The hearty old woman, whose face had been like a hard, rosy apple shriveled and wrinkled by long keeping, had now a white and ghastly look which struck terror to Georgy's breast. She who was usually so brisk of manner and sharp of speech had this morning a strange, subdued tone and an unnatural calmness of demeanor. "What is the matter, Nancy?" Mrs. Halliday repeated, getting up from her sofa.

"Don't be frightened, Miss Georgy," answered the old woman, who was apt to forget that Tom Halliday's wife had ever ceased to be Georgy Cradock; "don't be frightened, my dear. I haven't been very well all night—and—and—I've been worrying myself about Mr. Halliday. If I were you I'd call in another doctor. Never mind what Mr. Philip says. He may be mistaken, you know, clever as he is. There's no telling. Take my advice, Miss Georgy, and call in another doctor—directly—directly!" repeated the old woman, seizing Mrs. Halliday's wrist with a passionate energy, as if to give emphasis to her words.

Poor timid Georgy shrank from her with terror.

"You frighten me, Nancy," she whispered; "do you think that Tom is so much worse? You have not been with him all night; and he has been sleeping very quietly. What makes you so anxious this morning?"

"Never mind that, Miss Georgy. You get another doctor, that's all; get another doctor at once. Mr. Sheldon is a light sleeper. I'll go to his room and tell him you've set your heart upon having fresh advice; if you'll only bear me out afterward."

"Yes, yes; go, by all means!" exclaimed Mrs. Halliday, only too ready to take alarm under the influence of a stronger mind, and eager to act when supported by another person.

Nancy Woolper went to her master's room. He must have been sleeping very lightly, if he was sleeping at all, for he was broad awake the next minute after his housekeeper's light knock had sounded on the door. In less than five minutes he came out of his room half dressed. Nancy told him that Mrs. Halliday had taken fresh alarm about her husband, and wished for further advice.

"She sent you to tell me that?" asked Philip.

"Yes."

"And when does she want this new doctor called in?"

"Immediately, if possible."

It was seven o'clock by this time, and the morning was brightening a little.

"Very well," said Mr. Sheldon; "her wishes shall be attended to directly. Heaven forbid that I should stand between my old friend and any chance of his speedy recovery! If a stranger can bring him round quicker than I can, let the stranger come."

Mr. Sheldon was not slow to obey Mrs. Halliday's behest. He was departing on his quest breakfastless, when Nancy Woolper met him in the hall with a cup of tea. He accepted the cup almost mechanically from her hand, and took it into the parlor, whither Nancy followed him. And then for the first time he perceived that change in his housekeeper's face which had so startled Georgina Halliday.

The change was somewhat modified now; but still the Nancy Woolper of to-day was not the Nancy Woolper of yesterday.

"You're looking very queer, Nancy," said the dentist, gravely scrutinizing the woman's face with his bright, penetrating eyes. "Are you ill?"

"Well, Mr. Philip, I have been rather queer all night—sickish and faintish-like."

"Ah! you've been overfatiguing yourself in the sick room, I dare say. Take care you don't knock yourself up."

"No; it's not that, Mr. Philip. There's not many can stand hard work better than I can. It's not *that* as made me ill. I took something last night that disagreed with me."

"More fool you," said Mr. Sheldon, curtly; "you ought to know better than to ill-use your digestive powers at your age. What was it? Hard cold meat and preternaturally green pickles, I suppose; or something of that kind."

"No, Sir; it was only a drop of beef-tea that I made for poor Mr. Halliday. And that oughtn't to have disagreed with a baby, you know, Sir."

"Oughtn't it?" cried the dentist, disdainfully. "That's a little bit of vulgar ignorance, Mrs. Woolper. I suppose it was stuff that had been taken up to Mr. Halliday."

"Yes, Mr. Philip; you took it up with your own hands."

"Ah! to be sure; so I did. Very well, then, Mrs. Woolper, if you knew as much about atmospheric influences as I do, you'd know that food which has been standing for hours in the pestilential air of a fever-patient's room isn't fit for any body to eat. The stuff made you sick, I suppose."

"Yes, Sir; sick to my very heart," answered the Yorkshire woman, with a strange mournfulness in her voice.

"Let that be a warning to you, then. Don't take any thing more that comes down from the sick room."

"I don't think there'll be any chance of my doing that long, Sir."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't fancy Mr. Halliday is long for this world."

"Ah, you women are always ravens!"

"Unless the strange doctor can do something to cure him. Oh, pray bring a clever man who will be able to cure that poor helpless creature up stairs. Think, Mr. Philip, how you and him used to be friends and play-fellows—brothers almost—when you was both bits of boys. Think how bad it might seem to evil-minded folks if he died under your roof."

The dentist had been standing near the door drinking his tea during this conversation; and now for the first time he looked at his housekeeper with an expression of unmitigated astonishment.

"What, in the name of all that's ridiculous, do you mean, Nancy?" he asked, impatiently. "What has my roof to do with Tom Halliday's illness—or his death, if it came to that? And what on earth can people have to say about it if he should die here instead of any where else?"

"Why, you see, Sir, you being his friend, and Miss Georgy's sweet-heart that was, and him having no other doctor, folks might take it into their heads he wasn't attended properly."

"Because I'm his friend? That's very good logic! I'll tell you what it is, Mrs. Woolper; if any woman upon earth, except the woman who nursed me when I was a baby, had presumed to talk to me as you have been talking to me just this minute, I should open the door yonder and tell her to walk out of my house. Let that serve as a hint for you, Nancy; and don't you go out of your way a second time to advise me how I should treat my friend and my patient."

He handed her the empty cup and walked out of the house. There had been no passion in his tone. His accent had been only that of a man who has occasion to reprove an old and trusted servant for an unwarrantable impertinence. Nancy Woolper stood at the street-door watching him as he walked away, and then went slowly back to her duties in the lower regions of the house.

"It can't be true," she muttered to herself; "it can't be true!"

The dentist returned to Fitzgeorge Street in less than an hour, bringing with him a surgeon from the neighborhood, who saw the patient, discussed the treatment, spoke hopefully to Mrs. Halliday, and departed, after promising to send a saline draught. Poor Georgy's spirits, which had revived a little under the influence of the stranger's hopeful words, sank again when she discovered that the utmost the new doctor could do was to order a saline draught. Her husband had taken so many saline draughts, and had been getting daily worse under their influence.

She watched the stranger wistfully as he lingered on the threshold to say a few words to Mr. Sheldon. He was a very young man, with a frank, boyish face and a rosy color in his cheeks. He looked like some fresh young neophyte in the awful mysteries of medical science, and by no means the sort of man to whom one would have imagined Philip Sheldon appealing for help, when he found his own skill at fault. But then it must be remembered that Mr. Sheldon had only summoned the stranger in compliance with what he considered a womanish whim.

"He looks very young," Georgina said, regretfully, after the doctor's departure.

"So much the better, my dear Mrs. Halliday," answered the dentist, cheerfully; "medical science is eminently progressive, and the youngest men are the best educated men."

Poor Georgy did not understand this; but it sounded convincing; and she was in the habit of believing what people told her; so she accepted Mr. Sheldon's opinion. How could she doubt that he was wiser than herself in all matters connected with the medical profession?

"Tom seems a little better this morning," she said presently.

The invalid was asleep, shrouded by the curtain of the heavy old-fashioned four-post bedstead.

"He is better," answered the dentist; "so much better, that I shall venture to give him a few business letters that have been waiting for him some time, as soon as he wakes."

He seated himself by the head of the bed, and waited quietly for the awakening of the patient.

"Your breakfast is ready for you down stairs, Mrs. Halliday," he said, presently; "hadn't you better go down and take it, while I keep watch here? It's nearly ten o'clock."

"I don't care about any breakfast," Georgina answered, piteously.

"Ah, but you'd better eat something. You'll make yourself an invalid if you are not careful; and then you won't be able to attend upon Tom."

This argument prevailed immediately. Georgy went down stairs to the drawing-room, and tried bravely to eat and drink, in order that she might be sustained in her attendance upon her husband. She had forgotten all the throes and tortures of jealousy which she had endured on his account. She had forgotten his late hours and unholy roysterings. She had forgotten every thing except that he had been very tender and kind throughout the prosperous years of their married life, and that he was lying in the darkened room up stairs sick to death.

Mr. Sheldon waited with all outward show of patience for the awakening of the invalid. But he looked at his watch twice during that half-hour of waiting; and once he rose and moved softly about the room, searching for writing materials. He found a little port-folio of Georgina's, and a frivolous-minded inkstand, after the semblance of an apple, with a gilt stalk and leaflet. The dentist took the trouble to ascertain that there was a decent supply of ink in the green glass apple, and that the pens were in working order. Then he went quietly back to his seat by the bedside and waited.

The invalid opened his eyes presently, and recognized his friend with a feeble smile.

"Well, Tom, old fellow! how do you feel today?—a little better, I hear from Mrs. H.," said the dentist, cheerily.

"Yes, I think I *am* a shade better. But, you see, the deuce of it is I never get more than a shade better. It always stops at that. The little woman can't complain of me now, can she, Sheldon? No more late hours, or oyster-suppers, eh?"

"No, no, not just yet. You'll have to take care of yourself for a week or two when you get about again."

Mr. Halliday smiled faintly as his friend said this.

"I shall be very careful of myself if I ever do get about again, you may depend upon it, old fellow! But do you know I sometimes fancy I have spent my last jolly evening, and eaten my last oyster-supper on this earth? I'm afraid it's time for me to begin to think seriously of a good many things. The little woman is all right, thank God. I made my will upward of a year ago, and insured my life pretty heavily soon after my marriage. Old Cradock never let me rest till that was done. So Georgy will be all safe. But when a man has led a careless, godless kind of a life—doing very little harm perhaps, but doing no particular good—he ought to set about making up his account somehow for a better world, when he feels himself slipping out of this. I asked Georgy for her Bible yesterday, and the poor, dear loving little thing was frightened out of her wits. 'Oh, don't talk like that, Tom!' she cried; 'Mr. Sheldon says you are getting better every hour'—by which you may guess what a rare thing it is for me to read my Bible. No, Phil, old fellow! you've done your best for me, I know; but I'm not made of a very tough material, and all the physic you can pour down this poor sore throat of mine won't put any strength into me."

"Nonsense, dear boy! that's just what a man who has not been accustomed to illness is sure to think directly he is laid up for a day or two."

"I've been laid up for three weeks," murmured Mr. Halliday, rather fretfully.

"Well, well, perhaps this Mr. Burkham will bring you round in three days, and then you'll say that your friend Sheldon was an ignoramus."

"No, no, I sha'n't, old fellow! I'm not such a fool as that. I'm not going to blame you when it's my own constitution that's in fault. As to that young man you brought here just now, to please Georgy, I don't suppose he'll do any more for me than you have done."

"We'll contrive to bring you round between us, never fear, Tom," answered Philip Sheldon, in his most hopeful tone. "Why, you are looking almost your old self this morning. You are so much improved that I may venture to talk to you about business. There have been some letters lying about for the last few days. I didn't like to bore you while you were so very low. But they look like business letters; and perhaps it would be as well for you to open them."

The sick man contemplated the little packet which the dentist had taken from his breast-pocket, and then shook his head wearily.

"I'm not up to the mark, Sheldon," he said; "the letters must keep."

"Oh, come, come, old fellow! That's giving way, you know. The letters may be important; and it will do you good if you make an effort to rouse yourself."

"I tell you it isn't in me to do it, Philip Sheldon. I'm past making efforts. Can't you see that, man? Open the letters yourself if you like."

"No, no, Halliday, I won't do that. Here's one with the seal of the Alliance Insurance Office. I suppose your premium is all right?"

Tom Halliday lifted himself on his elbow for a moment, startled into new life; but he sank back upon the pillows again immediately, with a feeble groan.

"I don't know about that," he said, anxiously; "you'd better look to that, Phil, for the little woman's sake. A man is apt to think that his insurance is settled and done with when he has been pommeled about by the doctors and approved by the board. He forgets there's that little matter of the premium. You'd better open the letter, Phil. I never was a good hand at remembering dates, and this illness has thrown me altogether out of gear."

Mr. Sheldon tore open that official document which, in his benevolent regard for his friend's interest, he had manipulated so cleverly on the previous evening, and read the letter with all show of deliberation.

"You're right, Tom!" he exclaimed, presently. "The twenty-one days' grace expire today. You'd better write me a check at once, and I'll send it on to the office by hand. Where's your check-book?"

"In the pocket of that coat hanging up there."

Philip Sheldon found the check-book and brought it to his friend, with Georgy's port-folio, and the frivolous little green glass inkstand in the shape of an apple. He adjusted the writing materials for the sick man's use with womanly gentleness. His arm supported the wasted frame as Tom Halliday slowly and laboriously filled in the check; and when the signature was duly appended to that document he drew a long breath, which seemed to express infinite relief of mind.

"You'll be sure it goes on to the Alliance Office, eh, old fellow?" asked Tom, as he tore out the oblong slip of paper and handed it to his friend. "It was kind of you to jog my memory about this business. I'm such a fellow for procrastinating matters. And I'm afraid I've been a little off my head during the last week."

"Nonsense, Tom! not you."

"Oh yes, I have. I've had all sorts of queer fancies. Did you come into this room the night before last when Georgy was asleep?"

Mr. Sheldon reflected for a moment before answering.

"No," he said; "not the night before last."

"Ah! I thought as much," murmured the invalid. "I was off my head that night then, Phil, for I fancied I saw you; and I fancied I heard the bottles and glasses jingling on the little table behind the curtain."

"You were dreaming, perhaps."

"Oh no, I wasn't dreaming. I was very restless and wakeful that night. However, that's neither here nor there. I lie in a stupid state sometimes for hours and hours, and I feel as weak as a rat, bodily and mentally; so while I have my wits about me I'd better say what I've been wanting to say ever so long. You've been a good and kind friend to me all through this illness, Phil, and I'm not ungrateful for your kindness. If it does come to the worst with me—as I believe it will—Georgy shall give you a handsome mourning-ring, or fifty pounds to buy one, if you like it better. And now let me shake hands with you, Philip Sheldon, and say thank you heartily, old fellow! for once and forever."

The invalid stretched out a poor, feeble, attenuated hand, and, after a moment's pause, Philip Sheldon clasped it in his own muscular fingers. He did hesitate for just one instant before taking that hand.

He was no student of the Gospel, but when he had left the sick chamber there arose before him suddenly, as if written in letters of fire on the wall opposite to him, one sentence which had been familiar to him in his school-days at Barlingford:

And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to him, and saith, Master, Master; and kissed him.

The new doctor came twice a day to see his patient. He seemed rather anxious about the case, and just a little puzzled by the symptoms. Georgy had sufficient penetration to perceive that this new adviser was in some manner at fault; and she began to think that Philip Sheldon was right, and that regular practitioners were very stupid creatures. She communicated her doubts to Mr. Sheldon, and suggested the expediency of calling in some grave elderly doctor to supersede Mr. Burkham. But against this the dentist protested very strongly.

"You asked me to call in a stranger, Mrs. Halliday, and I have done so," he said, with the dignity of an offended man. "You must now abide by his treatment, and content yourself with his advice, unless he chooses to summon further assistance."

Georgy was fain to submit. She gave a little plaintive sigh and went back to her husband's room, where she sat and wept silently behind the bed-curtains. There was a double watch kept in the sick chamber now; for Nancy Woolper rarely left it, and rarely closed her eyes. It was altogether a sad time in the dentist's house; and Tom Halliday apologized to his friend more than once for the trouble he had brought upon him. If he had been familiar with the details of modern history he would have quoted Charles Stuart, and begged pardon for being so long a-dying.

But anon there came a gleam of hope. The patient seemed decidedly better; and Georgy was prepared to revere Mr. Burkham, the Bloomsbury surgeon, as the greatest and ablest of men. Those shadows of doubt and perplexity which had at first obscured Mr. Burkham's brow cleared away, and he spoke very cheerfully of the invalid.

Unhappily this state of things did not last long. The young surgeon came one morning, and was obviously alarmed by the appearance of his patient. He told Philip Sheldon as much, but that gentleman made very light of his fears. As the two men discussed the case it was very evident that the irregular practitioner was quite a match for the regular one. Mr. Burkham listened deferentially, but departed only half convinced. He walked briskly away from the house, but came to a dead stop directly after turning out of Fitzgeorge Street.

"What ought I to do?" he asked himself. "What course ought I to take? If I am right, I should be a villain to let things go on. If I am wrong, any thing like interference would ruin me for life."

He had finished his morning round, but he did not go straight home. He lingered at the corners of quiet streets, and walked up and down the unfrequented side of a gloomy square. Once he turned and retraced his steps in the direction of Fitzgeorge Street. But after all this hesitation he walked home, and ate his dinner very thoughtfully, answering his young wife at random when she talked to him. He was a struggling man, who had invested his small fortune in the purchase of a practice which had turned out a very poor one, and he had the battle of life before him.

"There's something on your mind to-day, I'm sure, Harry," his wife said before the meal was ended.

"Well, yes, dear," he answered; "I've rather a difficult case in Fitzgeorge Street, and I'm anxious about it."

The industrious little wife disappeared after dinner, and the young surgeon walked up and down the room alone, brooding over that difficult case in Fitzgeorge Street. After spending nearly an hour thus he snatched his hat suddenly from the table on which he had set it down, and hurried from the house.

"I'll have advice and assistance, come what may," he said to himself, as he walked rapidly in the direction of Mr. Sheldon's house. "The case may be straight enough—I certainly can't see that the man has any motive—but I'll have advice."

He looked up at the dentist's spotless dwelling as he crossed the street. The blinds were all down, and the fact that they were so sent a sudden chill to his heart. But the April sunshine was full upon that side of the street, and there might be no significance in those closely-drawn blinds. The door was opened by a sleepy-looking boy, and in the passage Mr. Burkham met Philip Sheldon.

"I have been rather anxious about my patient since this morning, Mr. Sheldon," said the surgeon; "and I've come to the conclusion that I ought to confer with a man of higher standing than myself. Do you think Mrs. Halliday will object to such a course?"

"I am sure she would not have objected to it," the dentist answered very gravely, "if you had suggested it sooner. I am sorry to say the suggestion comes too late. My poor friend breathed his last half an hour ago."

END OF BOOK I.

INDIAN BARBARITIES—THE BOX FAMILY.

As a specimen of perils to which the settlers on our Southwestern frontier are exposed, we have only to refer to the sad story of the Box family, recently ransomed from Lantanta (White Bear), Chief of the Kiawas, by Lieutenant Herselberser, of the Third United States Infantry. The ransom took place some sixty or eighty miles south of the Arkansas River.

The prisoners all belonged to one family, and at the time they were taken by the Indians were returning from a visit to some sick relatives, and were but a few miles from home when surprised and captured.

In the melée that ensued the head of the family (James Box) was killed and scalped. The remaining members of the family were immediately taken, placed on animals, and hurried to the haunts of the savages. The names of those secured were: Mrs. Box and child (11 months old), and three daughters—Margaret, aged 17 years; Josephine, 13 years old; and Ida, 7 years old. In the haunt of their relentless foe the child fell from the arms of its mother while the Indians were goading the worn-out animals that carried her. It was crushed to death among the rocks; the anguish-stricken mother not being even allowed to dismount and see it.

The mother and the two eldest daughters were subjected to the most unheard-of cruelties and outrages by their brutal captors, while the youngest, owing to her youth, although she shared a fate less horrible, was, nevertheless, most barbarously used. The child, unable to understand the commands of her fiendish taskmasters, was placed with her feet on live coals until they were literally roasted. This was the pastime of squaws. When rescued she had almost forgotten her mother tongue.

The family had been in captivity ten weeks when Lieutenant Herselberser, toward the close of September, heard of their situation from some friendly Indians. The Lieutenant started immediately from Fort Dodge, where he was stationed, and went to the Indian camp of Lantanta, accompanied by two soldiers and a friendly Indian chief. Lantanta insisted upon a ransom, and, to save delay in rescuing the captives, this was yielded. The family belonged to Texas; after their rescue they were brought to Fort Leavenworth.

LANDING OF A MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT.

All steamers plying on the Western waters carry a brasier, in which, when making a landing, or loading and unloading freight at night, a brilliant flame is procured by filling it with dry pine chips. Flickering with a lurid glare, it produces most fantastic effects of light and shade, as the swarthy "hands" pass and repass, "wooding up," or stand grouped around the gang-plank. When the steamboat backs out again the brasier is reversed by a dextrous twirl on its axis, the blazing coals are dropped in swirling waters, and darkness reigns again. A. R. W.

THE REYNOLDS MONUMENT.

A beautiful Monument was erected to the memory of Major-General J. F. Reynolds, April 13, 1865, in Lancaster Cemetery, Lancaster City, Pennsylvania. It is inclosed in a lot, together with smaller monuments, by a fence of cedar. The Monument is built of white marble. It is sixteen feet high and four feet square at the base. Upon the sides it contains the names of ten battles—namely, Fort Brown, Monterey, Buena Vista, Rogue River, Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. Upon the shaft, in front, are cut, in relief, a sword, sash, belt, gauntleted gloves, and a pistol; upon the right side, two cannons crossed, and a large 3 in the centre; on the left, crossed flags; and behind, an eagle and a United States shield.

NEW RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA.

This work, which we illustrate on page 808, connects Perryville, on the north side of the Susquehanna, with Havre de Grace, on the south, and makes the route from Philadelphia to Washington an uninterrupted one. Hitherto the Susquehanna at this point has been crossed by means of ferry-boats. The opening of this bridge by the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Railroad Company was celebrated November 26. The engineers and practical bridge-builders and railroad officers from other lines have thoroughly examined the great structure in all its parts, and are unanimous in their approval of the strength, beauty, and perfect safety of the bridge, which has already been tested by a weight of four times that of a train of loaded cars, in its entire length of three-fourths of a mile. All are loud in their praise of the decided genius shown by its able engineer, George A. Parker, and of the foresight and courage of the originator, Samuel M. Felton, the late President of the road, who has been so well succeeded by Isaac Hinkley. The bridge has cost fully one and a half millions of dollars, but will be hailed as being worth even that heavy sum, though it is an enormous outlay for one structure on a road of but one hundred miles in length.

THE OCEAN YACHT-RACE.

We have had within a year or two several magnificent experiments of what could be done with boats. Of these the Ross Winans cigar-yacht experiment and the trip across the Atlantic made by the *Red, White, and Blue* are notable examples. But even these are now thrown into the shade by the race now being run across the Atlantic by the yachts *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*. A wager of thirty thousand dollars is staked by each yacht on its own success. The winning vessel will therefore secure sixty thousand dollars and an enviable reputation. Extensive preparations are being made by English yacht clubs to receive these novel adventurers from the American metropolis. In the course of a few days the Atlantic Telegraph will announce the result of the race.

The tonnage of the three yachts is nearly alike, the *Fleetwing* being of 204 tons, the *Henrietta* 203, and the *Vesta* 201. These yachts are the finest and swiftest ever built in the United States. The following are the articles of agreement entered into by the owners October 27:

> George and Frank Osgood bet Pierre Lorillard, Jun., and others, thirty thousand dollars that the *Fleetwing* can beat the *Vesta* to the Needles, on the coast of England. The yachts to start from Sandy Hook on the second Tuesday in December, and to sail according to the rules of the New York Yacht Club, waiving the allowance of time. The sails to be carried are mainsail, foresail, jib, flying-jib, jib-topsail, fore and main gaff-topsails, main-topmast stay-sails, storm stay-sails and try-sails.
>
> The yacht *Henrietta* enters the above race by paying thirty thousand dollars, subscription by members of the New York Yacht Club. Any minor points not embraced in the above, that can not be settled by Messrs. Osgood, Lorillard, and Bennett shall be decided as follows: Each shall choose an umpire, and the umpires chosen, in case of disagreement, to choose two others; twenty per cent. of the money to be deposited with Mr. Leonard W. Jerome on Saturday, the third of November; balance to be deposited on the first Tuesday of December—play or pay.

VICTOR EMANUEL IN VENICE.

In our last Number we illustrated the announcement of the result of the Venetian Plebiscite from the balcony of the Doge's Palace. The scene which we illustrate on page 812 represents the arrival of King Victor Emanuel's barge, and is directly in front of the Doge's Palace, which is too far to the right to be embraced in the picture. On the left, also, only the heads of a large number of gondolas, crowded and arranged for the festival, appear.

The Italian King made his triumphal entry on November 7. There were without doubt half a million of people in Venice on that day. The special correspondent of the New York *Tribune* thus describes the scene:

> Here the glory of Venice came forth to meet him. At the result of the Plebiscite, if perfect agreement had not prevailed before, perfect contentment and gentleness followed. When he stepped upon the quay a grand arch rose over him, flowers wreathed, capped with his crown, bearing the human, living effigy of Venice as a Sea Queen, attired in bridal robes, reaching down to him her hand, with the ring clasped in it wherewith she used to wed the Adriatic; behind her a train of waiting ladies and sea-nymphs lingered, and the motto stood:
>
> "Welcome to our elected King, Victor Emanuel!"
>
> The pillars of the arch were inscribed with the names of the heroes of the war of independence, and the battles they had fought. The railway platform shelved down to the canal, where the splendid gondolas were waiting, and as the King received the welcome of the Podesta here, every housetop, and window, and foot of standing-room supported some human being waving the tri-color, whether in flag or handkerchief, and the multitude of them making loud *vivas*. The day was bright on city and canal. The King, with a sort of bluff stolidity, looked steadily into the Podesta's face; he bowed with grave graciousness to balcony and barge, and behind him came the bray of drums, borne by the National Guards, whose close ranks made an aisle of citizen gray, tipped with crimson. The space was very contracted; but to counteract the narrowness of the land the canal was deep with gondolas, all of them having their canopies withdrawn, and holding in the naked shells thrice their usual complements.
>
> The whole surface of the water, even to far recesses under the shadows of strange churches and tenements, was an expectant humanity, outstretching hands. They crowded the iron bridge before the dépôt, so that none dared pass; they climbed upon the flying buttresses of an opposite church; a tall scaffold near by was one great frame-work of boys and men; some roofs and palaces afforded precarious foothold for those adventurous even to death. The King, uncovered, in the midst of his cabinet and the royal household, followed by the Embassadors of almost every civilized state, walked courteously down the margin to the royal barge. This was constructed upon the amended model of the famous *Bucentaur*, wherein the Doges went solemnly to wed Venice to the Adriatic. It was a grand gondola, propelled by twelve rowers, dressed in straight nautical hats, wearing crimson sashes, slippered, in blue trowsers, and at their throats the tri-colored tie, pinned with the royal crown.

TAKING A WHALE.

BY ROGER STARBUCK.

Early one morning while we were cruising off the coast of Peru for sperm whales I was dozing on the maintop-gallant cross-trees. Suddenly something seemed to go right through my brain. I woke to discover that it was the wild voice of Zadik—the Captain's harpooner—a tall, swarthy, straight-haired youth, half Kanaka, half English. He was very tender-hearted, but an excellent whaleman, whose power of vision was truly remarkable. He stood on the other side of me, shrieking with all the force of his lungs:

"There blows!—there blowow-s!—there—there—*there*—blows!"

"Where away!" thundered old Captain Boom, glancing aloft.

"On the weather-bow, four miles off, heading to leeward!"

This answer sent an electric thrill through every vein: the old ship lurched as if she felt it too.

Up came old Boom, with spy-glass slung over his shoulder, mounting two ratlines at a time. When on the cross-trees he just gave one squint with his telescope; then his voice rung through the ship like a great saw going through a board.

"Back the main-yard—clear away the boats!" It would have done you good to see the men jump to falls and braces. The ship came up slowly, and Boom went down like lightning by means of a back-stay.

Zadik, following him, sprung like a deer into the starboard boat.

"Lower away!" growled the Captain. Buz-z-z! buz! buz-z-z! sounded the falls, and swash! went the four boats, almost simultaneously, into the water.

The merry dogs bundled into them, and away they flew, the Captain's taking the lead.

"Snap your oars, ye griffins! Make the fire fly, my bull-dogs! Long and strong's the word! Break your backs every mother's son of ye!" gritted the old fellow through his teeth.

In a similar manner the other officers encouraged their crews, until they had proceeded about four miles, when orders were given to stop pulling.

"None of your dare-devil pranks, Tom, if you get alongside a whale!" said the skipper, to his son—a lad of fifteen, who belonged to the after-thwart in the first mate's boat.

Tom—the ship's favorite—smiled and shook his curly head. At the same moment the water broke into a whirlpool a few fathoms astern.

There was a hurried whispering; then the boats were forced round as a very small whale—a calf—rose to the surface. We perceived at once that the creature had been struck by some other crew, for the shank of an iron protruded from its body. It seemed very weak and in much pain, moving slowly and now and then reeling sideways with sudden plunge. It swam in a circle as if bewildered, and the noise of its spouting somehow reminded me of the wailing of a child.

"Paddle ahead!" was the order, for every man believed that the mother of the calf—the cow whale—was not far off.

The first mate was soon within darting distance.

"Give it to him!" he shrieked, and whiz, whiz! went the harpooner's irons, one after the other, into the animal's body. For a few moments the little whale, as if half stupefied, remained nearly motionless; then, breeching, it came down, writhing and whirling its flukes in great agony, after which it sounded. It was too weak to drag the boat very fast or very far; it soon rose about fifty yards ahead.

"Haul line!" ordered the mate, now in the boat's bow, lance in hand.

As he spoke the water on one side of the calf suddenly parted with a roar like a cataract, and an enormous leviathan—the cow whale—boomed up from the surface, beating the sea with her flukes and spouting thunder.

Round and round her offspring she swam, but soon paused, as if half paralyzed with astonishment and grief at the situation of the sufferer. A moment she remained thus, then moved ahead slowly and gently, occasionally turning, as if to entice the little creature to follow. In fact the calf endeavored to do so, but was too badly crippled to swim; it made a few feeble plunges toward its parent and then began to writhe and wheel in great agony. Perceiving that it was now in its flurry, the mate stopped hauling line, and remained watching the animal until its blood-red spout no longer rose, and it rolled over quite dead.

Now the behavior of its mother was pitiful to witness. She seemed unwilling to believe that her young one was really dead. Round it she slowly swam, spouting with a noise something between a shriek and a gasp. Then she moved ahead as before, and like one half crazed, seemed not yet to have abandoned the hope of being followed by her offspring.

Meanwhile her enemies were rapidly but stealthily advancing. Soon the Captain who was foremost was near enough to dart.

"Let her have it!" he growled. Zadik raised his harpoon; at the same moment the cow gently rubbed its great head against the little whale, as if to ascertain the reason why it would not follow her.

Zadik lowered the point of his weapon; his wild eyes softened.

"That whale's just like a human mother, Captain," said he, "and I haven't the heart to strike it!"

"Dog!" hissed Boom, "what ails ye? Dart! dart! I tell ye!"

As he spoke a sudden change came over the whale, which now, half turning, saw the boat. Wrathful and wild for revenge, she breeched, the whole length of her enormous body, out of water; then falling back with the din of a hundred thunder-bolts, she made straight for the boat, her bristling jaw wide open, her broad flukes beating the sea!

"Starn! starn!" gritted old Boom, and every man of his crew except Zadik turned pale.

The harpooner had changed with the leviathan. The flush of fight was now on his cheek, and there was fire in his eye. His dark brow was wrinkled; the ends of his straight black hair bristled like spear points. He motioned to the Captain to keep off a little, and, being obeyed, sent both irons whizzing into the side of the monster's hump!

Maddened with pain, fiercer than ever, the whale made a swift dash toward the boat, which she must have grappled had not the Captain, by a dextrous movement, whirled the light vessel to one side. Thus baffled, the monster dove, shaking a savage warning with her flukes as she disappeared. Away went the boat, swift as a whirlwind, the line humming around the loggerhead, and the crew cheering like wild demons in answer to the cheers of those who were pulling after them.

Zadik and the Captain changed places, and the "old lion," as we called Boom, soon had his lance ready. The whale came up a quarter of an hour later, and "Haul line!" was the order. When within darting distance the skipper sent his long weapon quivering into the monster's body. Enraged beyond all bounds, she came booming toward us in a cloud of whirling spray tossed by her busy flukes.

"Starn! starn!" from the "old lion," and every time he spoke he was either darting his lance into the whale or pulling it back. Thicker and faster flew the spray, almost hiding the animal from us, until suddenly its great head, bursting from the white foam cloud, we saw the bristling jaw within six inches of the skipper!

Had the nerves of Zadik failed him, the old man must have perished the next minute. But the voice of the half-breed rang like the clang of a hammer, as with ready steering-oar he whirled the boat's broadside toward the monster, and then gave the order to "stern!"

Snap! went the monster's closing jaw, just missing the boat's bow; and whiz-z-z! went the old lion's lance again into her body alongside the hump!

Now, as she dashed furiously toward us, our shipmates arrived to take part in the combat.

The long-limbed first mate, who had left the calf to be towed by an extra boat's crew from the ship, attacked the monster on one flank, while the Captain and his second and third mates battled desperately upon the other. The cheers of the men, the crashing of the whale's flukes, mingling with such wild cries as "Lay me on!" "Keep off a little!" "Now then—steady as you are!" "Starn! starn! starn!" "Pull ahead!" "Hoo, hoo! take that, old queen!" "Mind yourself at that oar!" "Now then, Mr. Spooner—there's a 'good sight!'" "Whang! whang! whang! three lances into her that time!" "Hooray! hooray!" etc., etc., were heard on all sides, while so thick was the spray that no man could see his neighbor distinctly.

Vigorously pressed—with lance after lance piercing her body—her jaws and flukes avoided by the vigilant harpooners—the whale soon acknowledged the power of her assailants by sending up into the spray-cloud a light red fountain of blood! With exultant screams the lancers, still attacking, buried their weapons in her writhing body, from which the spout rose darker and lower every moment.

Suddenly, with one tremendous whirl of her flukes, she struck the first mate's boat, shivering it to atoms! Then slowly round and round she swam, the dark blood-spout now ascending scarcely six inches!

The Captain and his third and second officers churned her with their lances, when, turning over, fin out, and half lifting her flukes and head in one last spasm of agony, she expired!

The first mate's crew, being good swimmers, had not yet been picked up; in fact, the Captain had been too busy to notice *which* vessel was stoven. Now, as the poor fellows were helped into his boat, he looked in vain for his son!

The sad story was soon told; poor little Tom was far down under the sea, whither his frame, crushed by the whale's flukes, had been dragged by sharks.

The Captain groaned and bowed his head. He did not lift it until we were alongside the ship. While we were cutting in the whale we looked in vain for him.

"He is down in the cabin," said the mate, "weeping and sobbing like a child. He will never be a happy man again!"

"Ay, ay," said Zadik, gloomily. "I felt as if no good would come of our striking that whale! We killed *her* offspring, and *she* killed the Captain's son!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A New Reading.—"Dirt cheap!" is the usual expression; but the connection between filth and cholera, which we know to our cost exists, makes it certain that we ought now to say Dirt dear.

Incidental Remarks.—Why is the profession of a dentist a most anomalous one?—Because the more he "stops" the faster he gets on.

MAXIMS FOR THE DAY.

All things are cheap which are purchased with others' money.

Without a bribe justice is weak.

Policy is the mother of principle.

A lean conscience makes a fat office.

Never spare the public money.

Illegal voting is the mother of good luck.

Never sell your vote on credit.

Patriotism covers a multitude of sins.

One good turn of office deserves another.

Why is a false calf like the last verse in a plaintive poem?—Because it completes an L-E-G.

Why was the rebellion like a promissory note?—Because it was put down with black and white.

What proof is there that Robinson Crusoe found his island inhabited?—He saw a great swell pitching into a little cove.

"We have equal rights," said a dwarf to a giant. "Very true, my good fellow," replied the giant, "yet you can not walk in my shoes." "Ditto," retorted the dwarf.

How to Kill Time.—Shoot Every Day.

Medical.—Our doctor's ceiling fell in the other day. To prevent a recurrence of the accident, he immediately repaired it with sticking-plaster.

Precarious Style of Life—Dwelling in other people's memory.

"My son," said an astronomer the other day, "you see the earth turns over on its axis, and makes one revolution round the sun each year." "Then, pa, does France turn on its axis when it makes its revolutions?" "No, my son, not exactly, it turns on its bayonets."

The other evening a gentleman's button caught hold of the fringe of a lady's shawl. "I am attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose. "The attachment is mutual," was the good-humored reply.

Why is a hotel ghost like a policeman?—Because it is an inn-spectre.

"Ethan Spike" shared the general disappointment in regard to meteors. He says: "While the clock was striking 8 I obsurved a luminus body in the 49th paralel in the bee line with the constellation Zorobabel bearin sow west of the gut of Kansas at about 45 degrees above the Public Garding. It was movin rapidly and appeared nearly as large as a piece of chalk. Accordin to a previous understandin with the Savans who was settin in consart with me, I despatched a nigger boy with the information to Cambridge—but ten minits later discovered the luminus body to be the green light of a Bowdoin horse car."

An old writer quotes the following neat epigram in praise of woman:

"Adam alone in Paradise did grieve,
And thought Eden a desert without Eve,
Until God, pitying his lonesome state,
Crowned all his wishes with a lovely mate:
No reason then hath Man to slight or flout her,
Who could not live in Paradise without her."

Ah! but neither could he live there with her!

A schoolmaster, who had an inveterate habit of talking to himself when alone, was asked what motive he could have in talking to himself. Jonathan replied that he had two good, substantial reasons: In the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; and, in the next place, he liked to hear a man of sense talk.

EPITAPH ON A BONE MERCHANT.

Here lies the bones
Of William Jones,
Who, when alive, collected bones;
But Death, that bony, grizzly spectre,
The most amazing bone collector,
Has boned poor Jones so snug and tidy
That here he lies in bona fide.

Hearing a physician remark that a small blow would break the nose, a rustic exclaimed: "Well, I dunno about that. I've blowed my nose a great number of times, and I've never broke it yet."

"Wonderful things are done nowadays," said Mr. Timmins; "the doctor has given Flack's boy a new lip from his cheek." "Ah," said his lady, "many's the time I have known a pair taken from mine, and no very painful operation either."

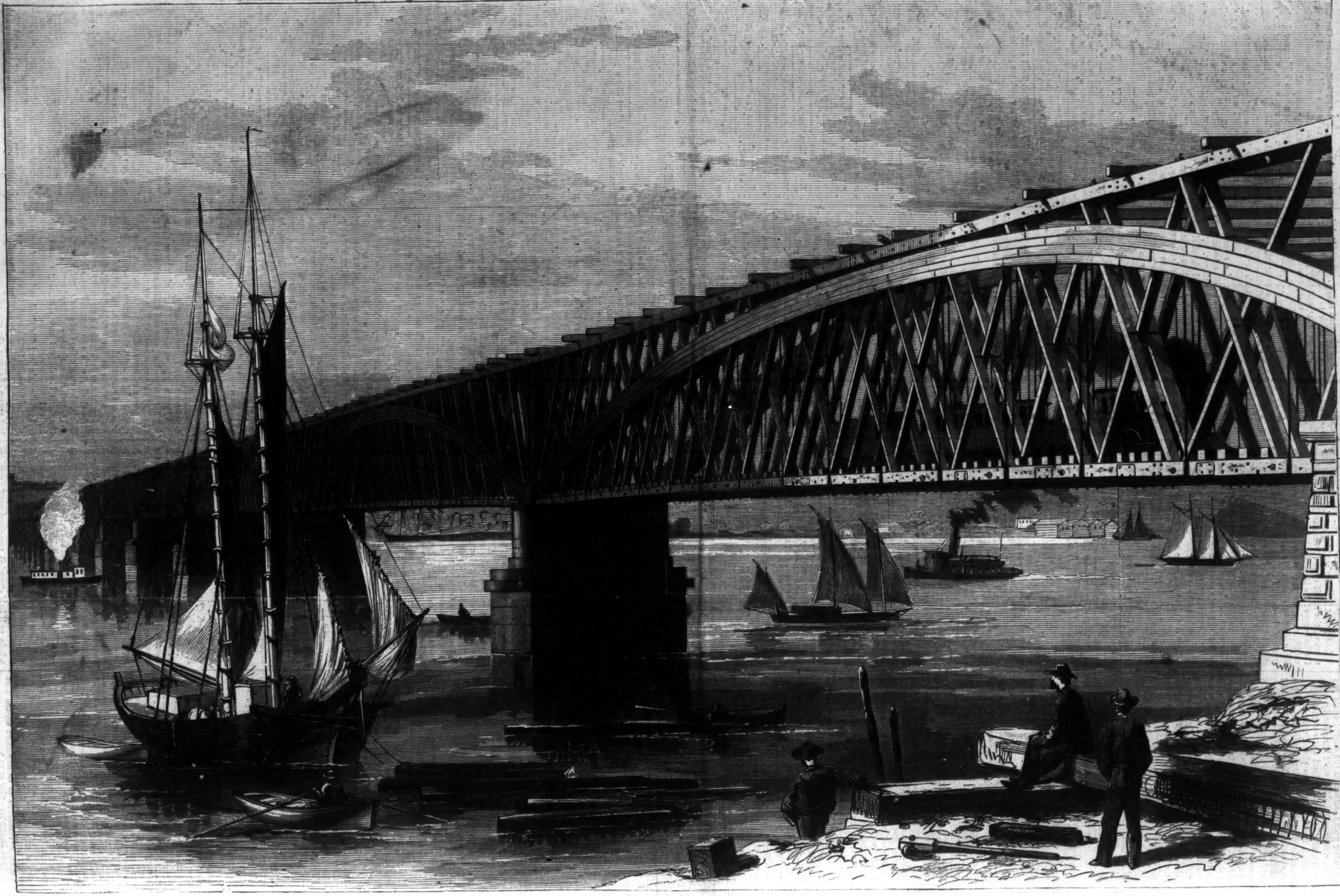
Brigham Young has been making inspecting tours round about his dominions. He was "insulted" by a rough backwoodsman, who propounded Artemus Ward's question direct: "How's your mother-in-law?"

It is said the reason the stars didn't shoot was because the police were on the watch for them.

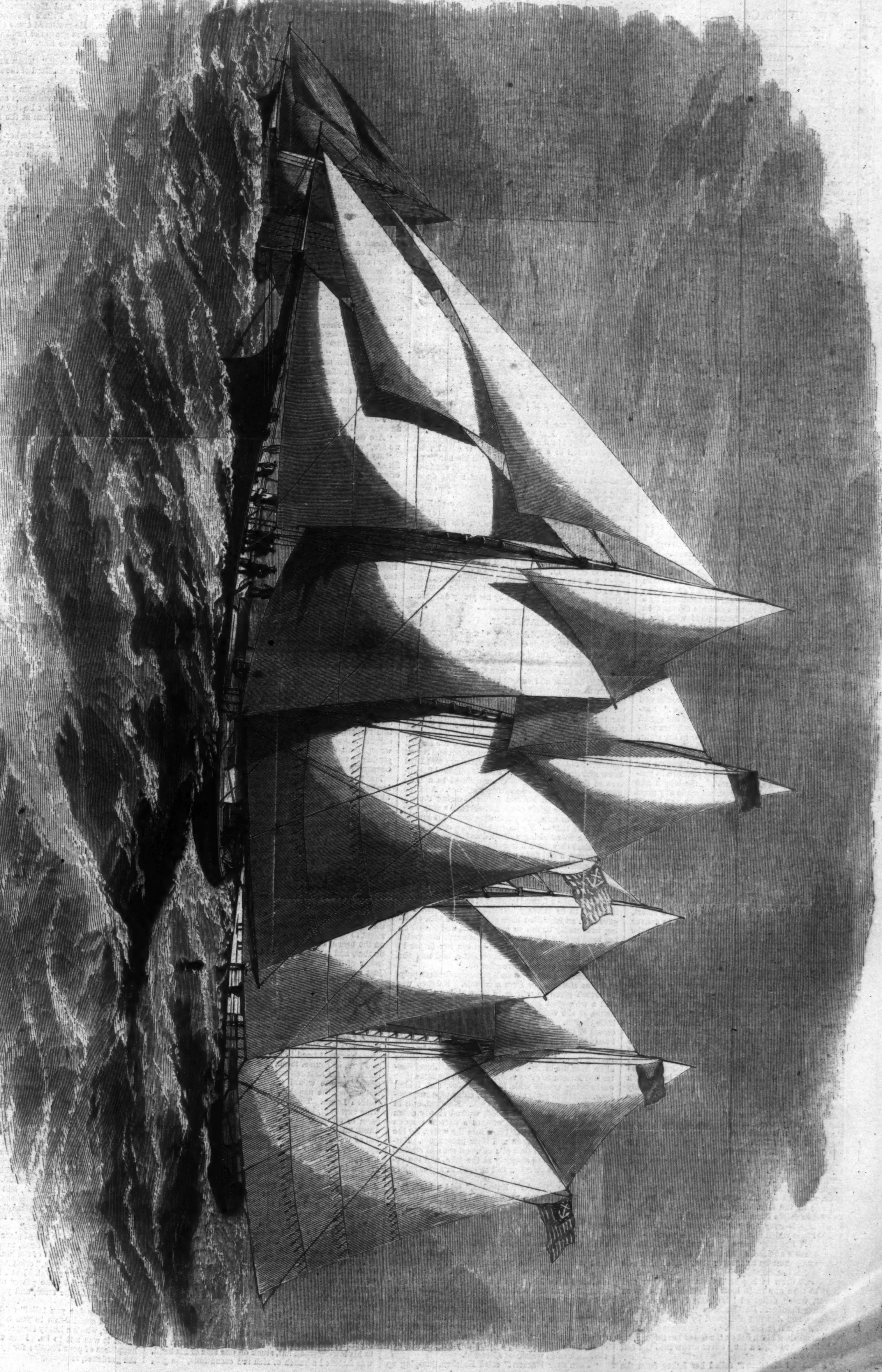
When Madame Rachel saw her stout sister Sarah dressed for the part of a shepherdess, her comment was: "Sarah, dear, you look like a shepherdess who has just dined on her flock."

Wonderful.—A contemporary, recording the fall of a person into the river, says, "It is a wonder that he escaped with his life." Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder if he had escaped without it?

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years?—The letter M.



THE PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE RAILROAD BRIDGE ACROSS THE SUSQUEHANNA, CONNECTING PERRYVILLE WITH HAVRE DE GRACE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCHREIBER & SON, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 807.]


Vesta.
Henrietta.
Fleetwing.

THE YACHTS "HENRIETTA," "FLEETWING," AND "VESTA" ON THEIR GRAND RACE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC FROM SANDY HOOK TO COWES.—[See Page 807.]

KATCHEN'S CAPRICES.

IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a pretty picture, prettily set, that fair young face crowned with a lavish abundance of plaited tresses, looking forth from the quaintly-carved window-frame! The owner of the face was Katerina Kester: and if you had lived in the village of Gossan, or within twenty English miles of it, I should not have needed to say more. You would have known her by reputation, if not by sight. But, as it is, I had better explain who she was. Katerina's father, Josef Kester, kept an inn at the village of Gossan, in Upper Austria, close to the beautiful lake of Hallstadt. Not *the* inn where travelers stopped to dine and bait their horses, and whence they took boats for excursions on the lake: that was the Black Eagle. Josef's hostelry bore the sign of the Golden Lamb, and was of much humbler pretensions, being frequented only by the country people, or occasionally receiving a foot-sore "Bursch," or German traveling workman, tramping through his probationary year of apprenticeship. The Black Eagle was flourishing, the Golden Lamb was decaying. The epithets black and golden might, indeed, have been reversed in their case: for the eagle had a glaring gilt beak and gilt talons, and a bright gilt crown on each of his two cruel-looking heads; while to believe that the poor lamb had ever been golden was a strain on one's faith, so begrimed and dingy had he grown with the blackening effects of time and weather. But the lamb, whether black or golden, possessed something of more beauty—ay, and some people thought of more value—than any article within the well-furnished rooms guarded by the fierce, spruce, double-headed eagle. Katerina Kester, the landlord's daughter, was famed among the Gossaners, and for many a mile around Gossan, as being the prettiest girl in those parts. That might not be saying that she was really beautiful; for gloriously bountiful as Nature has been in making the surrounding scenery delightful to the eyes, she has not scattered female loveliness among its inhabitants with so lavish a hand. The women are in general tall and strong, but meagre, bony, brown-skinned, and betraying the effects of hard work and hard fare by a premature appearance of age. Katerina, however, was as fresh and fair and rounded as a Hebe. Her mother had been a Saxon woman, from Tirna on the Elbe; and from her Katerina inherited a blonde, peach-like skin, large, limpid, light-blue eyes, and an enormous wealth of fair hair. This hair was splendid from its silky quality and great quantity; but it had not the warm richness of color which painters love. It was not golden, but resembled rather the pale brightness of moonlight than the dazzling glow of sunshine; and when uncoiled it fell down straight on her knees in a silky mass, unbroken by one ripple. So much for the picture; now for its frame. The Golden Lamb was an old house built chiefly of timber, and it had a great balcony running along two sides of it, whence a fine view up and down the lake was to be had. The window of Katerina's room was surrounded by carved wood-work, and garnished by a creeping plant, which thrust its delicate tresses even into the chamber when the frame filled with small glass panes was hooked back to admit the fresh air. On this particular Sunday morning the summer breeze came softly in at the window, heightening the rose on Katchen's cheek, ruffling the bright, smooth lake into dimples, and displaying the grace and lightness of the woodbine that waved backward and forward with a rocking movement.

"Ah, what a fine day!" thought Katerina. "Dry and bright, but not too hot. Last night's shower will have laid the dust on the highway. How nice!" Katerina did not appreciate the full beauty of the grand scene that lay stretched out before her bedroom window. Lake and mountain were familiar to her sight, and, if I must tell the truth, our village belle was fonder of receiving than of giving admiration. It seemed to her very natural that people who had known her from a child should take unwearying pleasure in gazing on her pretty face, and extolling the length and softness of her hair. But if you had made any great demand on Katerina's powers of admiration on behalf of the lake and the mountains, she would have turned away with a pettish look, and would have told you that she had seen them every day—every day since she was born. The Kesters were Protestants, and attended service at the evangelical church in Hallstadt. Now to go from Gossan to Hallstadt there is but one really practicable way, and that is to row thither in a boat on the lake; therefore it seems odd that Katchen should have cared about the dust on the high-road. But Katchen had a lover who was the owner of a stout traveling-carriage and good team of horses, and who being, moreover, a steady driver, and a smart, honest young fellow, was often employed to convey travelers along the more unfrequented routes in the beautiful lake district—routes where railways were not, and diligences even few and far between. This lover, Fritz Rosenheim, was expected to-day at Gossan. He had passed through the village the week before on his way to Ischl, and was to return toward Salzburg on this bright Sunday morning. For this reason the state of the road was interesting to Katchen. There was no regular engagement between her and Fritz Rosenheim. Old Josef Kester set himself very much against the idea of such a thing. He liked Fritz heartily, and was glad to see him, but—Fritz was poor. That was a misfortune from which the landlord of the Golden Lamb had suffered severely; and he was wont to say that he would never willingly expose his child to the cold, nipping airs of poverty. But Gossan folks maintained that Josef Kester had started in life with as good prospects as most men, and that it was mainly his own fault if things had gone ill with him, and the poor "Lamb" had gradually been shorn of its golden fleece. Gossan folks were not less hard in their judgment of the unsuccessful man than London folks or Paris folks. But there was a grain of truth in what they said for all that. Josef had too much of the inert passive good-humor which distinguishes many of his countrymen to push his way energetically through the world. Perhaps he could reckon as many pleasant hours in his past life as the richest of his neighbors. But the pleasant hours were over and gone, and had left him with empty pockets to look old age in the face. The hard-working, well-to-do neighbors *might* sometimes—but this they never acknowledged—envy the clear, smooth forehead and placid smile which made old Josef look younger than his years; but they had only to put their hands in their pockets and feel a soft bundle of very dirty and tattered bank-notes to recover their self-esteem and good spirits immediately.

Katchen drew in her head from the window and went to take one more look at herself in the green mirror, which distorted her pretty face in a heart-breaking manner. But Katchen knew the original by heart, and was not distressed by the bad translation she beheld in her glass. She proceeded to perch a tall sugar-loaf black hat on the top of her thick plaits of hair, and to stick a long silver arrow into the coil at the back.

"Katchen! Katchen!" called her father from the lake below. He was sitting in a little boat just beneath her window, dressed in his best clothes, and ready to row to Hallstadt to church. "Make haste, my child, service will have begun!"

"Coming, father, coming!" said Katchen, as she ran swiftly down the stairs, through the open house door, and stepped into the little boat that lay rocking gently within a stone's-throw of the inn. Katchen stood up in the boat and took an oar, which she managed with strength and skill. All the young women about Hallstadt and Gossan were used to propel themselves about the lake, and to handle an oar was as ordinary an accomplishment as to wield a knitting-needle. Katchen rowed standing, and at every dip of her paddle into the water she bent well forward, displaying in the action a plump, well-turned leg and neat ankle, encased in the Sunday gear of white stockings and stout black boots.

"Fine bright day, Herr Kester!" shouted a neighbor, whose boat, propelled by four stout damsels, shot past Katchen's.

"Ay, very fine, very fine. Bright, as you say, but not sultry. Any news up your way?"

"Nothing very interesting," bawled back the neighbor, whose boat was rapidly shooting ahead of the Kesters' little craft. "Only one thing your Katchen may care to hear. Fritz Rosenheim got a return fare at Ischl. Some foreigners wanted to go back to Salzburg the very day he was coming away. Lucky for him, isn't it?"

"My Katchen doesn't care a button about it," roared Josef, angrily; but it is to be feared his words did not reach the ears for which they were intended. Katchen's pink cheeks grew scarlet, and she knit her flaxen eyebrows.

"Why should you say that, father?" she asked, pettishly. "I *do* care a button, more than a button, for Fritz's good luck."

"You don't care in the way neighbor Nelbeck meant. And I don't choose to allow folks to talk to me as if you did, Katchen."

"But, father, I do care—"

"Nonsense! You think you do when you're contradicted, but it's all moonshine. You know you wouldn't marry Fritz if I gave my consent to-morrow."

"Will you try me, father?"

"No, I won't. I disapprove of the whole thing. The prettiest girl in the district to throw herself away on a poor devil of a kutscher—a fellow who knows nothing in the world but how to guide his horses up and down the mountain roads, rain or hail, shade or shine—it's monstrous! And you, that might do so much better too! Better, dowerless as you are, than many a well-portioned lass I could mention."

The boat grazed the pebbly landing-place at Hallstadt while Josef Kester was still in the midst of his grumblings against Katchen, against his poverty, against his neighbors, and especially against the guilty Fritz—guilty, by his own confession, of being in love with a pretty girl whose father did not want him as a son-in-law. The crime is heinous, though, alas! too common. But old Josef's discontent dispersed itself in words, and left him placid and smiling as usual when he walked into the little evangelical place of worship, followed by his pretty daughter.

CHAPTER II.

KATCHEN sat very still during the long controversial discourse that flew high over the heads of the simple congregation. Very still and seemingly attentive sat little Katchen, but her thoughts were busily occupied, and *not* with the sermon. "Was she really, really so fond of Fritz after all? or was her father right in saying it was only moonshine?" She acknowledged to herself that she never did feel so kindly disposed toward her lover as when some sage adviser set before her the folly and unsuitableness of marrying him. Next to *this* spur to her affections came the idea of any other girl winning Fritz Rosenheim. The young man was very popular, and in his roving life he had opportunities of making many acquaintances. Smart chamber-maids at the big hotels in Salzburg and Ischl knew and smiled upon him. Even landladies' daughters at the mountain inns condescended to a little flirtation with the good-looking kutscher. And his unflagging good-humor and gallant bearing toward the fair made the jingle of his horses' bells a very welcome sound to many feminine ears along his line of route. But then— To be sure it was very nice to have Fritz so admiring and so devoted, and to hear him protest that there was not in all Austria, nay, in all Germany, a girl fit to wipe the little shoes of Katerina Kester. Yes, that was pleasant, without doubt. But it wouldn't last so! Fritz couldn't be content to let that agreeable state of things continue comfortably. It was very unreasonable of him, but he actually wanted to have a formal promise of marriage from his idol, and to be publicly betrothed to her. Katchen gave such an impatient little shiver at the idea of being irrevocably bound to marry Fritz, and tossed up her head so like a wild colt that has never known bit or bridle, that I, for my part, believe her father to have been right about the moonshine, and that she wasn't so very much in love after all.

The cessation of the pastor's sonorous German polysyllables startled her from a reverie. Katchen was not much given to reverie in general, but there was still a wide-eyed look of abstraction on her countenance as she walked forth with her father from the little church. At the entrance they came on quite a crowd of country-folks, some of whom had just been hearing mass in the Catholic chapel. A rosy, well-fed couple of Sisters of Mercy passed through the knot of people, receiving pleasant and respectful salutations alike from the orthodox and the heretics. Josef Kester was known to every body, and stood for some time exchanging gossip with his neighbors, and taking long, luxurious pulls at the gaudy china pipe suspended by a green cord round his neck. Katchen, still in an unusually thoughtful mood, walked slowly down to the brink of the lake, whence a narrow wooden plank ran out a short distance into the water, for the convenience of boatmen and their passengers. Katchen seated herself on a pile of wood cut and stacked for fuel, and stared absently at the lake, and the opposite hills rich in color, and steeped in a great glory of sunlight.

"Good-day, Mam'sell Katerina," said a high, thin voice close at her ear. She started and looked round. The address was unusually formal and respectful. Her own acquaintance never bestowed on her the title of "Mam'sell," and usually abbreviated the utterance of her Christian name. The polite speaker was a tall, spare man of about five-and-forty, with a very high, bald forehead, a sallow face, and thick, hay-colored mustaches. He wore spectacles, and blinked very much with his light-gray eyes. "Good-day, Mam'sell Katerina," said he again, seeing that Katchen stared at him without speaking. "I fear you do not recognize me. I am Caspar Ebner, the landlord of the Black Eagle in Gossan, at your service." And he drew himself up a little, and twisted his fingers in a heavy silver watch-chain that crossed his black satin waistcoat. Herr Ebner wore a suit of dark-blue cloth, with gilt buttons, a tall, shiny French hat, and the black satin waistcoat aforesaid.

"Thou dear Heaven!" cried Katchen, jumping up from her seat and making a little courtesy. "I beg your pardon, Herr Ebner, but I couldn't for the moment think who it was." She might have added that her surprise was not much diminished when she did know who it was; for the rich landlord of the Black Eagle had never accosted her in her life before, though she knew him by sight well enough, and had sometimes fancied he looked at her with a certain amount of admiration.

"The Herr Pastor was somewhat lengthy to-day," said Ebner, half seating himself on the log of wood on which Katchen had resumed her place.

"Was he?" asked she, without thinking of what she was saying, for her brain was busily trying to puzzle out why Herr Ebner should speak to her.

"Yes; somewhat lengthy. At least I fancied so. You were a more devout and attentive listener, mam'sell. I observed your absorption."

Katchen colored, partly from a prick of conscience, partly at the idea of having been watched. Then the thought that was in her mind came to her tongue, although she had not wished to betray it. "I never saw you in church before, Herr Ebner," said she.

It was now the landlord's turn to color; that is to say, the lemon hue of his face deepened to orange. "Most likely not, Mam'sell Katerina. I—in fact, I don't go to church in a usual way. I read though, and think a good deal on these subjects, and I have formed, I confess, certain theories; which—" Here he stopped abruptly, catching Katchen's point-blank stare of bewilderment. "I—I beg pardon. These grave and speculative topics are hardly suited to one so young, and—and—ahem—so lovely as yourself."

"Here's father!" cried Katchen, with an unmistakable look of relief; and she even made a little step toward her father and away from Ebner.

"Good-day, Herr Ebner," said Kester, pulling off his soft felt hat—a courtesy which the other instantly requited by lifting his own stiff, shiny head-covering high in the air. "I've been staying behind to have a little chat with some old neighbors, and kept this young woman of mine waiting, you see."

Old Kester glanced sharply at his daughter as he spoke, and Katchen noticed that her father did not seem nearly so much surprised as she had been to see the host of the Black Eagle speaking so affably to her.

"I am—I mean—are you," stammered Ebner, with an awkward hesitation.

"Are we going to row back to Gossan now? Yes, we are," said Kester, promptly.

"My boat is here, with three of the boatmen from St. Emmerau. Would you—that is, if Mam'sell Katerina— It's hot, rowing in the middle of the day—"

"Thank you, Herr Ebner," responded the rival landlord, with—to Katchen—astonishing alacrity; and then, before she understood the arrangement clearly, she was handed into Ebner's boat and seated in state on a cushioned bench under an awning, instead of standing up with a heavy paddle in her sunburnt hand. One of the boatmen made Kester's deserted little craft fast to the stern of the larger boat, and away they went, swiftly cutting a bright furrow through the glassy water, and breaking into fragments the peaceful shadows of the great hills that lay deep in the lake with their peaks pointing downward into a second and still bluer heaven than that which stretched overhead. Katchen was bewildered. That she should be in a boat at all, without aiding to propel that boat, was wonderful; but that the Black Eagle should have doffed his usual imperial fierceness, and—instead of sticking his long talons into the fleece of the Golden Lamb—should coo with dove-like softness, and invite his rival even into his own nest—this was more wonderful by far. Not that Caspar Ebner was really very fierce in himself. But Katchen was used to think of him as a very high and mighty personage—one to whose successful rapacity was partly owing the decay and ill fortune that hung about the meeker Lamb. Josef Kester's ill success was, on his own showing, always "somebody else's" fault. In this respect, perhaps, Josef Kester was not entirely singular. And so the indefinite "somebody else," who wrought all the mischief to the Golden Lamb, had gradually taken shape in Katchen's mind, and Herr Caspar Ebner was its living embodiment.

Many an evening in the old raftered kitchen of the inn had Katchen listened to her father's long speeches, uttered oracularly from behind dense clouds of coarse tobacco-smoke, when the old man would descant on the Lamb's ill-treatment and the undeserved prosperity of the Eagle, and lament the strange perversity of travelers who *would* frequent Herr Ebner's house, to the neglect and detriment of his own establishment. And now, behold here was her father sitting placidly under the enemy's awning, rowed luxuriously by the enemy's boatmen, and chatting cheerfully with the enemy himself! The boat scudded along lightly, bounding to the strong strokes of the rowers, and soon reached the landing-place at Gossan, where Katchen was handed out by Herr Ebner, with much politeness, though a little awkwardly. She and her father bade him farewell, and thanked him, and were about to draw their own little boat up high and dry on the beach, but Ebner desired his own boatmen to do that, and asked Kester and Katchen to do him the honor of dining with him, as the mid-day meal was just ready. Josef made some little objection, but only by way of what he considered good manners; for he finally accepted the invitation for his daughter and himself, and they followed their host into his private sitting-room at the Black Eagle. It was a pleasant apartment on the ground-floor, with windows looking on to the lake. Here the cloth was laid for dinner, and a tall chamber-maid came forward to take Katchen's hat from her, and to offer her any assistance she might need in the arrangement of her dress. She had, of course, taken the cue from her master's behavior, for Katchen knew well enough that at most times Therese would consider herself quite above waiting on the daughter of old Josef Kester, of the Golden Lamb. The dinner was very good and the wine excellent, but somehow the little party did not seem to be quite at ease. Josef, it is true, ate and drank unrestrained by shyness; but Katchen was too full of wonder at the unexpected honor to feel much appetite, and Herr Ebner blinked nervously through his spectacles, and hesitated and stammered in his speech in a very disconcerting manner. When the dinner was over, the guests rose to take their leave, Josef protesting that he must go, as he had "so many things to attend to." Ebner accompanied them to the entrance-hall, and there bashfully offered a bunch of roses to Katchen. He had had them gathered in his little garden during dinner-time, and now they were lying ready to be presented in a tasteful little straw basket. Katchen took the fragrant June roses with a smile and a bright blush of pleasure. It was certainly very nice to be treated like a real lady, and she was quite enough of a coquette to enjoy the consciousness of being admired. But all of a sudden she gave a start, and the color left her round cheeks for a moment, to rush back deeper than before; for there stood Fritz Rosenheim right in the doorway, looking at her in blank astonishment. He had a long driving-whip in his hand and wore his smartest suit—a bright blue postillion's jacket, studded with silver buttons, leathern breeches, and high boots coming above the knee; and in his low-crowned hat, stuck on one side of his head, was fastened a bunch of rich red carnations, the gift, probably, of some coquettish chamber-maid or landlady along his line of route.

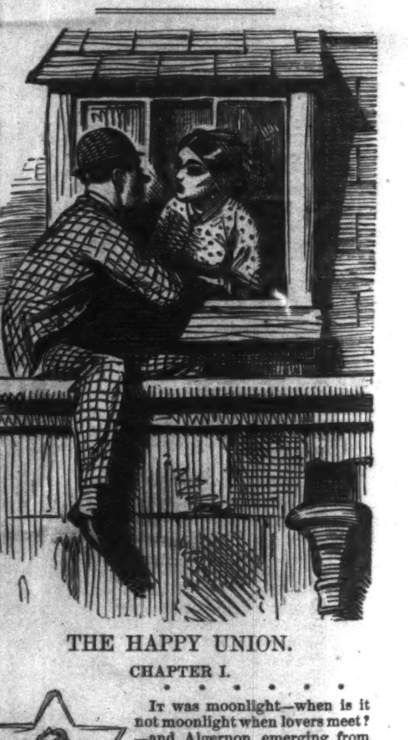
"Good-day, Fritz," said Katchen, desperately, speaking first; for poor Fritz's presence of mind seemed clean gone. He muttered some salutation in reply, and then turned to grasp the hand which Josef Kester heartily held out to him. "Welcome, Fritz, my boy," said he; "I expected you to-day, for I heard news of you from old Nelbeck." Then Fritz dropped his hat respectfully to the landlord of the Black Eagle, who gravely nodded in return.

"I've brought some travelers from Ischl, Sir," said Fritz; "a foreign lady and gentleman and their courier. I told them they couldn't be any where better treated or more comfortable than at the Black Eagle in Gossan."

"They will be taken care of, kutscher. I hope you have seen to your horses. Yes—eh? Well, then, go and tell the kellver to give you a bottle of Rudesheimer to drink my health in."

Fritz touched his hat again, and made way for the Kesters to pass out. Josef said, as he went away, "See you to-night, Fritz; you'll come and smoke a pipe in the old kitchen as usual."

Katchen walked home in a state of ill-humor that darkened her pretty childish face. She was vexed that Fritz should have come upon her just when he did—vexed to see him touch his hat like a servant to the man at whose table she had been dining—vexed with poor Herr Ebner for his good-nature in treating the kutscher to wine. Why should Fritz accept his wine? He was able to pay for it. And vexed above all with her father for inviting the young man to come and "smoke a pipe in the kitchen as usual." As usual! What would the landlord of the Black Eagle think of them? *He* never smoked pipes in the kitchen with a kutscher. This last was a very unworthy thought, and ungenerous toward Fritz, who would never have been ashamed of association with her before the highest in the land. But then I really do believe old Josef had been right about the moonshine. Still, objecting as he did to any semblance of love-making between Rosenheim and his daughter, he should not have encouraged the young man to come to his house. But this was Josef's way—one of the many weaknesses in his easy-going nature that had helped to smooth the down-hill path on which he had slidden so rapidly from comfort to poverty. He liked Fritz. The young fellow's cheery talk and pleasant manner, and the news he brought from the busier world he traversed in his journeys, were very agreeable stimulants after the sluggish monotony of life at the Golden Lamb. And, like many inert men, Josef Kester loved nothing better than to witness and hear of traits of energy and activity in which he was not expected to participate. As to the after-consequences of all this familiar intercourse, why, that would come all right somehow. The young folks would make love a little—why not?—but it would be all in a wild and purposeless sort of way that would hurt neither of them very deeply. He could be very angry when any one took it for granted that the moonshine meant something real, and spoke as old Nelbeck had spoken. Not the less angry, perhaps, from a secret self-reproach in the matter. But the moment Fritz reappeared he could not resist the temptation of his company, and, besides, the young man *couldn't* be so desperately in earnest. In this he was thoroughly mistaken; but it was a comfortable theory, which lightened his own responsibility, and therefore Josef Kester clung to it.



THE HAPPY UNION.

CHAPTER I.

* * * * * * *

IT was moonlight—when is it not moonlight when lovers meet?—and Algernon, emerging from the window of an attic, crept stealthily along the gutter to a window at the extremity of his father's palatial mansion. Thrice tapped he gently at the window, which was slowly raised almost before the completion of the signal. At the window appeared the loveliest face and form that ever the chaste moon shone upon, and Phillis Maythorne was worthy to be an attendant maid on the *Casta Dian*.

"Oh, Halgernon!" she said (Phillis was low born and ill-educated, but lovely still). "Oh, Halgernon! I know you'll be found out, and I shall have warning."

"So let it be, love!" replied the enraptured youth. "I will marry you, despite all family opposition. I shall be of age in two years."

"But if I was to be out of place all that time! what should I do? Father's dead, mother's a cripple, and says she can't keep out of the house much longer."

"I will work for you," cried Algernon. "Yes, like a day-laborer, if needful. But I have intellect—some say genius—and by the power of my pen I will fling my name unto the stars, and yours with it, my dear Phillis."

"Oh, how fine you talk!" said Phillis, with a deep sigh. "I could listen to you until it was time to call the cook, who's a heavy sleeper."

But it was not to be. Dian was unmindful of the happiness of poor Phillis; for by her light old Jowler, the gardener, returning late from his club at the Lion, saw what was going on in the gutter. There was a light burning in the library, and Jowler knew that the Governor was up, finishing his last cigar and imbibing his "night-cap."

CHAPTER II.

IT is easy to guess the consequences of Jowler's discovery and revelation. Mr. Goldwig had amassed his many thousands, and Algernon was his heir.

"Marry a dust-pan! a house-broom! a mop-twirler! had he toiled for that!" Gog and Magog forbid it.

Phillis was dismissed with a month's wages. Algernon was sent to the Continent, with a tutor, and a letter of credit on Lafitte.

* * * * * * *

CHAPTER III.

How differently the future developed itself to Phillis and Algernon! She, poor maid! clung fondly to the memory of her first love, scorning all offers from swains in her own grade of life, remembering only this, repeating only this: "She'd been sweet-hearted by a gentleman," and some day—yes, though long years succeeded long years—he would prove faithful to his vows and marry her.

Algernon, also, was inconsolable for a time, but his dissipated tutor soon taught him the use of money-letters on Lafitte, and in the whirlpool of Parisian vice and pleasure Phillis was soon forgotten, and her pure love laughed at and contemned!

Mr. Goldwig did not value his money so that his heir was weaned from the folly of his first love.

CHAPTER IV.

GOLDWIG was the occupant of a hideous marble tomb in a country church-yard, and Algernon was lord of thousands. Phillis was the patient nurse of an irritable old woman, the widow of a Nabob!

Riot, the gaming-table, infamous associates, made vast inroads on the inherited thousands, and at last—But let us not anticipate.

Phillis found her reward after twenty years of silent endurance— But again let us not anticipate.

CHAPTER V.

THE village children were to have a holiday and a great feast at Mrs. Maythorne's cottage. It was the owner's birthday. Yes, Phillis had come back to her native place the week before, and was thus about to inaugurate her return. She was changed from the beauteous girl into the buxom woman, although Time had recorded against her five-and-fifty years. The morning was one of the loveliest the young spring had yet put forth, and Phillis took her way toward the old work-house. A feeble man, dressed in the parish garb, opened the gate, but without making an obeisance. Phillis gazed at him for a moment; the pauper returned her look somewhat defiantly at first, but after a few moments he exclaimed, in a low voice,

"No!"

Phillis almost fell to the ground at the sound of the man's voice, and it was with great effort that she could reply, "Yes."

In another moment her arms were about the neck of Algernon! Algernon the pauper! Algernon, who in the hour of prosperity had abandoned his lowly first love!

CHAPTER VI.

To Phillis's great joy Algernon proved to be unmarried; and as he much preferred liberty, a comfortable cottage, and a buxom help-mate—a nurse would be the better word—the bans were published on the next Sabbath morn, and before the new moon waned Phillis led her Algernon to the hymeneal altar, and in the work-house the sounds of revelry were heard at midnight. And, later still, Bunker the Beadle was coming home in a wheel-barrow!

Were we not right to call our story "THE HAPPY UNION?"

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE shops are beginning to put on their holiday attire. A Christmas hue pervades the City generally. The little folks return from their daily airings, with wonderfully large eyes, and chatter till bedtime about Santa Claus—some with a most profound belief in the individuality of St. Nicholas, while others—like a little Miss of very few years, whom we chanced to overhear the other day—whisper the suspicion, "I know who Santa Claus is! It is papa and mamma, and Uncle Dick!" The older folks are beginning to puzzle their brains; and the puzzle becomes fearfully perplexing in a walk down Broadway. For every thing is so "nice," so "pretty," so "convenient," and "*so cheap*"—the polite clerks say—where shall the selection commence? It *is* a puzzle!

The decided change in the length of walking-dresses, and in the circumference of crinoline, has quite startled many of the ladies. They scarcely know whether to follow the fashion or not. But, in the end, they will be obliged to do so. The time for dragging half a yard of silk through muddy or dusty streets has passed *pro tem*. The luckless gentlemen who have often met with the unhappy experience of treading on the trail of a lady who was sailing along in front of them will hail the new era with satisfaction.

There is no end to the novel names given to ladies' hats nowadays. One of the very latest styles is called the "Butter Dish." They are described as being "a cross between a turtle-shell and a wash-pan;" and the fair wearers say they are "*so* nice!"

It is of no use to fancy that your eldest boy will be content without a new pair of skates this winter. You may as well open your pocket-book and yield gracefully. Most likely, too, every one of your girls—always supposing you have a bevy of them—will imperatively demand skating hat, jacket, gloves, etc., in addition to a pair of first-class skates, just as soon as King Frost has fairly commenced his reign.

And speaking of frosty weather reminds us of a nice point of law recently decided in Minnesota. It appears that a certain Mr. A——, living somewhere in that State, rented his house to Mr. B—— till "cold weather." During the last "cold snap" Mr. A—— informed Mr. B—— that "cold weather" had come, and he must quit the premises. Mr. B—— said "cold weather" had not come, and they went to law about it. After a long and critical examination of a host of witnesses, the jury decided that "cold weather" does not, according to law, come until the 1st of December. This decision is binding authority throughout the State, and hereafter "cold weather" will *not* come in Minnesota until the first day of December.

Among the numerous and often strange legal reports which find their way into our newspapers there recently appeared a case with the following very curious title: "The United States *vs.* Two Large Worms." It is a proceeding to forfeit an apparatus for distilling petroleum, on an allegation that the owner had not rendered proper returns and paid the proper tax to the collector of internal revenue.

An exchange says: "There was a great fall in pork at Chicago last week, but nobody was hurt." Such falls are sometimes fatal.

Somebody gives the following sensible advice to those who write for newspapers and magazines: "Say the most possible in the least space. Pitch right into your subject. Make the title and first sentence so that it must be read; and so of the second, no matter what has preceded or is to follow."

The New Haven *Journal* tells a nice little story about a couple of pet wolves, whose sportive gambols in a yard on a certain street of that city have lately excited the curiosity of passers-by. They are said to be very tame—so tame that they are the "nicest playthings in the world." The other day a gentleman went down to see them, and the lady of the house remarked to him that they were very tame. "Just see here," said she, and she fondled them as if they were innocent little babies. "You put your hands upon them, and see how tame they are," she invitingly said to the gent. Of course he would, but, as he approached, four rows of teeth admonished him to keep at a safe distance. At this the woman assured him that it was only a playful demonstration, and, to show him how exceedingly well tamed they were, she entered the house and returned with three little kittens which she placed before the wolves. Then she engaged in further conversation with the gent, and, soon after, both hearing a faint squeak, turned around just in time to see the tail of kitten number three going down the mouth of the tamest wolf. The visitor immediately took his departure, after making a liberal offer for the wolves to take home for an infant child to play with in the absence of its mother.

They have spirited girls in Ohio, who evidently believe in certain phases of "Woman's Rights." Not long ago, a young lady of that State having heard that a young man of her acquaintance was "halting between two opinions," and not likely to vote at all without some coaxing, took her father's buggy on the day of election, went to the house of the absentee, brought him to the polls, "voted him," and then carried him home again.

An exchange relates a story of cholera times, which reminds one of the decision made in olden times by Solomon:

"A sugar refiner at Lille generously fitted up the room adjoining his engine-room as a steam-bath, and allowed all persons in the town seized with cholera to be brought thither. Not one of the persons exposed in this steam-bath died of that disease. One woman—a factory girl in a cotton manufactory of Lille—was so scalded during a bath as to be unable to work for two days, and, with singular ingratitude, she brought suit against her benefactor to recover the two days' wages she lost. The judge, summoning all his gravity to his countenance, thus addressed her, after hearing her and her witnesses' testimony: 'Madame, I should not hesitate to sentence the defendant to pay you the wages of the two days you have lost could I at the same time force him to restore the cholera which you yourself confess you lost in his house; unable to strain my power so far, I must dismiss your case.' The audience approved by great laughter the judge's decision, and the woman, covered with confusion and pursued by jeers, quitted the court-house."

Farinaceous food, although much recommended for invalids, is frequently very injurious to the stomach, unless a small quantity of animal food be taken with it. Many persons still retain the rather old-fashioned theory that a sick person must be fed solely upon toast, porridge, and similar articles. But, in truth, a weak stomach is frequently rendered still more feeble by the long and exclusive use of a farinaceous diet. Wherever no acute disease exists, which would render it improper, a small portion of meat, either in the solid form or as broth, should be taken occasionally.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

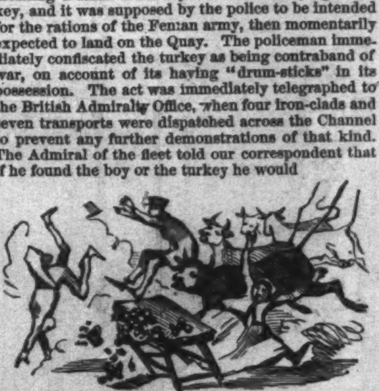
HOME OF DE SAUTY, TRINITY BAY, N. F., *Dec.* 12.

Dear Weekly:

Here I am, getting all of the first shocks by the Ocean Telegraph of the shocking doings in Ireland by the Fenian Rinderpests, and the way the "'ome Government," as DE SAUTY says, "his stamping hit hout."

The charges of the Judge of the Four Courts in Dublin were terrible, only equaled by the charges of the Ocean Telegraph Company for the within news.

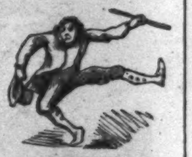
It seems that about half past five o'clock yesterday morning a small Irish boy was found carrying a turkey, and it was supposed by the police to be intended for the rations of the Fenian army, then momentarily expected to land on the Quay. The policeman immediately confiscated the turkey as being contraband of war, on account of its having "drum-sticks" in its possession. The act was immediately telegraphed to the British Admiralty Office, when four iron-clads and seven transports were dispatched across the Channel to prevent any further demonstrations of that kind. The Admiral of the fleet told our correspondent that if he found the boy or the turkey he would



STAMP THEM OUT AS THEY DID THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

At a later hour in the day the office of the *Irish People* was visited, and several copies of the paper were there found, commending the President of the United States and his "policy." This term—"his policy"—was often referred to in that paper, and in the back numbers, but they never saw an explanation of it in the paper; and the editor, who was subsequently arrested, was unwilling to explain the "policy," and evaded doing so by saying that he did not know what it was. The authorities considered it preposterous that an editor should write about and commend a thing he knew nothing about. He and the publisher were therefore accordingly committed for contempt by the magistrate, who made the remark, that "Hif they could find hout what the 'policy' hof the President of the United States was they would stamp hit hout has they did the cattle plague." The Home Government, hearing of the articles in the *Irish People*, immediately sent sixteen regiments of riflemen to take possession of the office. They also confiscated the "shooting-sticks" of the office as contraband of war. Four little boys who were looking in at the window and flattening their noses on the glass were arrested on the charge of lending their countenance to the affair.

In the lower counties, a boy with a pike that he had just caught in a brook was sent to the Castle, and the pike was taken possession of by the magistrate, who immediately ordered out the local military to watch for other boys with fish, as he had received orders to arrest any one in his section found with "pikes;" and he told the captain of the militia they must be stamped out.



THE COVE OF CORK.

By a dispatch sent by the Agent of the Associated Press from Liverpool we learn that the Cove of Cork himself was arrested, and that further particulars will be sent on.

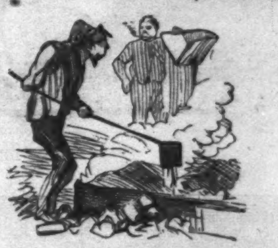
Intelligent Fenians here consider the stamping out of the Fenians an impossibility, as Head Centre Stephens has more "stamps" in his possession than the whole English army in Ireland; and they say it looks reasonable that the party who has the most "stamps" can do the greatest amount of stamping.

There are now iron-clads stationed all around the coast of Ireland, each vessel but six miles apart, and with guns that can carry with accuracy three miles; it therefore seems impossible that any considerable number of Fenians from New York will be able to land.

The office of the Ocean Telegraph at Valentia was seized by the Irish police, because word had been sent to the authorities of Dublin that there were some "forty batteries" in the building. Imperative orders were given to stamp out the office if such was the case. The police not being able to find any batteries about there, merely some cups with wires running into them, concluded not to disturb the office, but merely to anchor a man-of-war in the harbor, to protect the Government against a charge by the clerks of the Company, as they had received word from America that Mr. FIELD, at a dinner-party, had said that "on or about the first of December there would be a new rate of charges adopted by the Company," and they were not going to be caught napping, like "The Queen's Own" were in Canada, but intended to be ready for any *charge* that might be made.

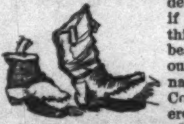
Toward evening the offices of other papers in the interior towns were visited, and all articles contraband were confiscated. In the town of Kilkenny was found in one of the newspapers two tails, illustrated with cuts, which were supposed to belong to the famed "Kilkenny Cats" of history, and the tails had been put up in the paper to create a sensation. Apart from this incident there were no signs of a fight or rebellion, and the fears are confined entirely to the police and soldiers of the large towns.

I understand the English Government is now engaged in building mortar batteries all along the shore, for the purpose of firing on the ships, as word has just come to the Government's ears that two-thirds of all of the crews in the iron-clads are either tainted with Fenianism or the scurvy, and they have manned these shore batteries with the native Irish, who are used to to fire upon the ships in case they receive any "slack" from either the officers or crews of the vessels.



MORTAR PRACTICE.

Last night the Judge of the Four Courts gave orders to all his specials that if they should discover any thing like Fenianism on their beats they should stamp it out. This morning one of the native police exhibited in the Court-room what he considered a specimen of Fenianism already stamped out. The Judge explained more fully his meaning to the special, and discharged him with a slight reprimand.



ALREADY STAMPED OUT.

THE VERY LATEST.—The Fenians are now besieging the Ocean Telegraph Office, telegraphing to their friends in America to send over to them the "stamps," as they want to be stamped out of the country as fast as possible.

P.S.—I do not indorse the matter he[illegible] forth; I give it you as a subject of news, mere[illegible] that the Rinderpest does not affect your own C. O. W.

THE DEATH-WALK.

THE lattice-window, diamond-paned,
Stood open as the twilight waned,
And scattered lustre crimson-rayed
Upon the cottage floor,
As, half his disk above the ground,
The angry, sinking sun around
His shining lances played,
In blood steeped o'er and o'er.

"He will not come, he will not come!"
A plaintive whisper faltered out,
As rose the shadows round about:
"The night is blind, the wind is dumb;
The dew will change to frosty rime—
O, weary, weary, weary time!
He will not come, he will not come!"

The ruddy lustre of the sun
Grew copper-bronzed, then purply dun,
And all the crush of piled-up cloud,
Like scarcely-molten ore,
Cooled quickly down from gray to swart,
While here and there a flickering dart,
That almost seemed to hiss aloud,
Lit up the glowing core.

O wistful eyes, O straining sight!
There is no passing shadow falls
Upon the distant, leafy walls,
Athwart the sinking purple light;
No youthful footfalls gayly pass
From ringing road to silent grass,
And echo through the coming night.

"He will not come!" pale Lilly sighed,
Say rather whispered hoarsely low,
As in her hand she laid her brow.
O, better she aloud had cried,
With flood of tears and throbbing breast,
Than thus had watched the sun to rest,
And felt with light how hope outdied!

O, weary, weary, weary time!
The Summer's dew makes Winter's rime,
The flush of hope brings chilling fears,
And Joy is drowned in her own tears.

The sun is gone, the fires died out
Which warmed the heaped-up, cindery bank
Of rugged clouds, piled rank on rank;
And not a star all round about,
Nor glimmer of the moon on high,
Was seen in all the dreary sky.
Perhaps the fever in the sight
Of that lone watcher of the night
Shone out into the sombre air:
For surely there was life and light
And ghostly, wandering figures there.
Her soul looked forth into the gloom,
And in a misty glimmer traced
Now eyes, now lips, hands interlaced,
A breezy down, a sheltered room,
A waste with yellow heather broom;
And every where with beauty graced
A figure smiling, double-faced:

A singing brook came leaping down
'Tween broken banks; the summer rain
Had filled them to the very crown;
Had changed the limpid drops to brown,
The purling note to loud refrain.
The low-arched bridge which spanned the stream
Lay half beneath the brawling rush
Of saucy waves, now low, now flush
With either shore, and white as cream.
A timid form—it was her own—
Stood bending near the narrow ridge,
Which now was all of that old bridge
The water had not overflown;
And as she quivered on the shore,
A cheering voice spoke in her ear,
A handsome form stood by her side,
And in the tumult of her fear,
With nervous arm and rapid stride,
Her safely o'er the torrent bore.

With drooping lids and heaving breast
Her more than thanks her voice confessed,
And love, full-armed in tender might,
Flashed on the stranger's eager sight
In quiv'ring lip and flushing cheek—
O, let thine eyes no further seek,
Pale watcher by the lattice-pane
Since twilight trembled on the wane,
To trace the downward path of flowers,
Trod blissfully on summer eve
With him the lord of Lyndon's towers,
Till leaves and blossoms seemed to weave
A deathless garland round thine head,
As one to joy and honor led.

Fair path, which grew so wild and steep!
Bright eve, which darkened into cloud!
Till storm-drops round thee 'gan to weep,
And sullen winds to wail aloud,
And leaves and blossoms tempest-tossed,
All withered as by sudden frost,
Fell dead in whispering thy name—
Thy name! So young, so weak—lost, lost!
O, lost to all but death and shame!

"He will not come!" with listless hand,
And outward show of self-command,
She closed the lattice, but a throb
Of pain, that was not sigh nor sob,
Clove through her heart and brain;
She never bent beneath the throe,
But slowly whispered hoarse and low,
"He'll never come again!"

There was a merry rout on Lyndon Hill;
The amber light
Through all the mansion's many windows shone;
On stately tree and garden's flowery zone,
And with its fan-like rays
Woke to a glow the swarthy cheek of night.
And from its low-browed hall, of wont so still,
The busy hum of many voices came;
The chant of blithesome lays,
Of boastful words the loud acclaim,
All hailing one proud name;
And made the air
With joyous sound and radiance fair
Exultant and aflame.
Thus rang the words from voice to voice:
"Fair Margaret, our Lyndon's choice!"

There came an echo on the wind,
A glimmer on the midnight blind,
That murmured at the cottage-door,
That lit the lattice-pane,
To tell the news from Lyndon Hill,
Of Lyndon's choice, of Lyndon's will,
To Lilly watching, sick, heart-sore,
Since twilight 'gan to wane.

She never moved, she never spoke,
When on her ear the tidings broke,
But with a strangely vivid glance,
That flashed in one bright ray,
Then settled in a deadly stare,
She sat upon her lowly chair,
And head unbent in rigid trance
Of living death she lay.

O, weary, weary, weary time!
The Summer's dew makes Winter's rime,
The flush of hope brings chilling fears,
And Joy is drowned in her own tears.

On Lyndon Hill the summer Eve
Sat crowned with gold; her fleecy robe
Of white and rosy-tinted cloud
But half concealed her azure sleeve,
And girdle of the ruby proud;
And on her flushing cheek from each ear-lobe
There hung a diamond star,
That glittered wide and far.

And as the Eve, so was the Morning fair,
As following Night, who stole betimes away,
He came in vigor through the radiant air.
Forth shone the lovely day,
Not lovely only in its liquid light,
And breezes leste, but in its flush of hope,
Which all encompassed in its living scope,
And made its very shadows bright.
Love's jubilee it was, and so it shone,
And made day's eyes as lovely as its own.

The bride of Lyndon met the dawn
With eyes of light and cheek of rose,
And heart that throbbed with joyous throes
In greeting of the love-lit morn.
But there was one with face forlorn,
Whose cheek was as the falling snow
Upon an icy stream below,
False Lyndon's love-bride all forsworn.
From her deep sunken eyes a fire
Streamed forth with sullen flame,
While firmly closed in anguished ire
And bitterness of shame
Were her thin lips, now white, now red,
As if from sudden wounds they bled.

Two brides—but one false groom!
Fair Margaret and Lilly fair;
The one with living blossoms in her hair,
And brow of light and cheek of bloom;
The other with a sallow skin
All blanched without and seared within.

For bridal both arrayed
In fleecy robes of chastest white,
A coronal of orange-blossoms made
Decked Margaret's braids of night;
The virgin bridal-wreath
Which trembled with her breath:
In pallid Lilly's tresses brown
With silver leaves there gleamed a crown
Of roses blanch as death.

Fair bridemaids deftly flitted round
The bride of hope with tender care,
And voices tuned unto the sound
Of fond solicitude were there;
And treasures rare
Of gifts on every side were found.
But ah, alone, alone!
With frozen cheek, but burning brain,
Pale Lilly like a bleach white stone
Stood by the lattice-pane.

Alone, alone, alone!
The merry bells were ringing out
With boastful clang and joyous tone
The joyful message round about;
But every clear and tuneful note
Her weary heart in discord smote,
For on her lonely ear they fell
The boom of death's low solemn knell.

Then as the hour nearer sped
When Lyndon false his bride should wed,
She drew from out a sombre niche
A flask of sallow green,
And drop by drop upon her lip
She let the draught unhallowed drip;
'Twas full of gouts as black as pitch,
With shining film between.

The poppy and the henbane juice
Were there, and herbal poisons fell,
To woe and shame of dreadful use,
Whose hellish names I dare not tell.
And as she drank the deadly brew
Her features sickened in the sight;
And not her robe of snowy hue,
Nor wreath of roses pure and bright,
As lip and cheek were half so white.

Then from her throbbing heart the rush
Of blood came mantling to her face;
And o'er her neck and cheek the flush
Of ruby life brought fire and grace.
Light filled her eyes, and forth she shone
With all the loveliness her own.
And so in beauty heavenly fair,
While not a cloud her face o'ercast,
Into the sunny air she passed;
And at a tranquil pace,
In bridal white and roses in her hair,
Within her heart despair,
And poison in her very breath,
Went forth upon her walk of death.

Across the garden, with its flowery host
Of bright-rayed petals, breathing odors sweet,
And through the orchard where the branches meet
Just overhead, all gnarled and weather-tossed;
Along the pleasant lane, where green
The grass fringed all the way, and sunshine came
The wild-flowered hedge and pollard trees between,
Her snowy robe shone like a brighter flame.
The birds, which once would flutter to her feet,
Flew scared away, and e'en the household cur,
Who brisk with joy would gambol up to her,
Slunk whining back; and some she chanced to meet
Of humble villagers, who used to greet
Her coming with a hand upraised,
And hearty speech, in tribute to her worth,
Beside the path stood silent and amazed,
As if she were some spirit upon earth.
So passed she on in loveliness supreme
And vestal white; now through the serried field,
By nodding ranks of wheat-ears half revealed,
Where trembling poppies shone with ruddy gleam,
And blue-eyed corn-flowers watched her half concealed.
There by the creaking gate, where lazy midge
Hung floating in the air, or toilsome bee
Swept buzzing by; then o'er the narrow bridge—
The very keystone of her memory!—
Where once had rolled the waves so white and hoarse,
Now gurgling gayly in their narrow course;
And so, by bleach-white road and deep green-sward,
She reached the border of the gray church-yard.

An instant by the open gate
Her silent footstep paused to wait.
Forth rang the merry marriage-peal
Above the sacred roof,
When mid the clang there smote her ear
An echo rolling swiftly near,
The echo of a carriage-wheel,
And clamp of horses' hoof.

She glided with a spirit-tread
Among the living, o'er the dead,
Upon her face a hectic bloom,
A glitter in her eye.
Low whispers followed by her side
Of breathless awe: "Is this the bride?"
From clustered crowds on grass and tomb,
Who watched her flitting by.

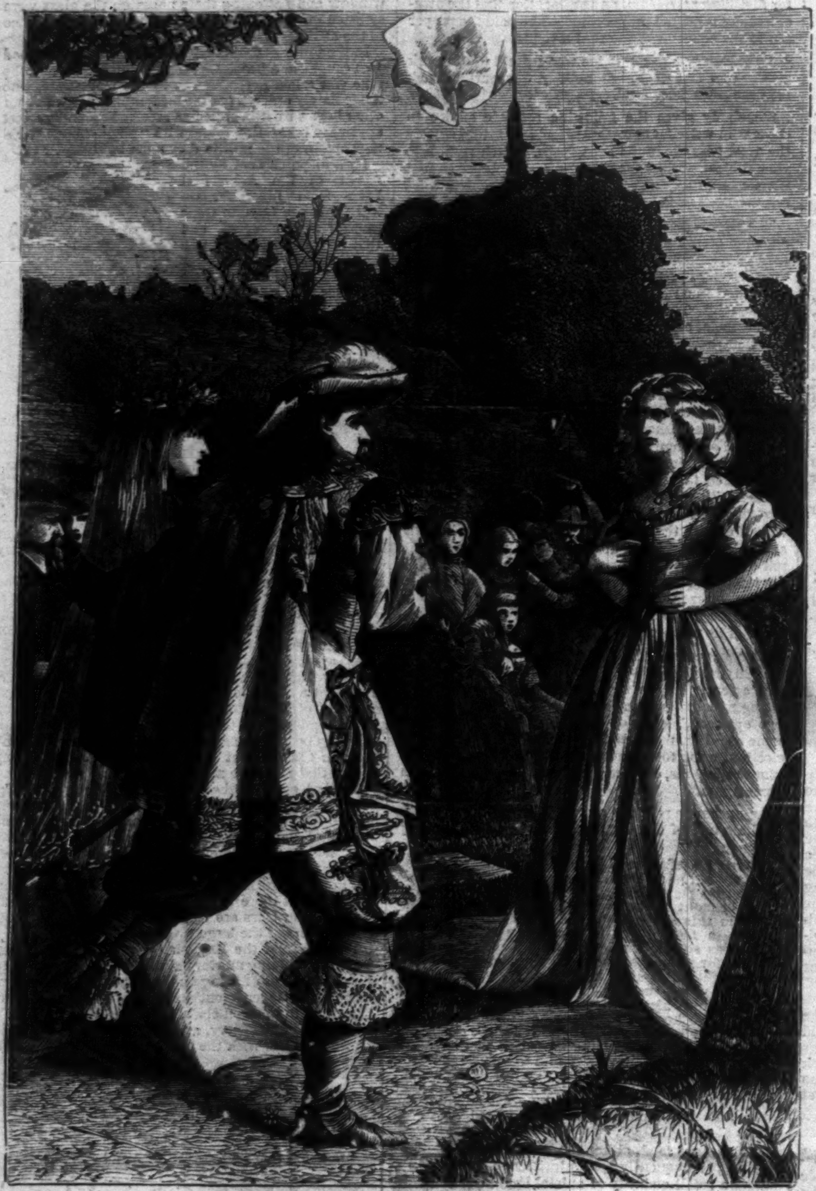
Mid champ of bit and klirr of steel,
The jingling of the harness bright,
And whirr of many a carriage-wheel,
Fair Margaret, all love and light,
By Lyndon's side in beauty trod
The pathway to the house of God—
O bridegroom false! bride fair and leal!

But as they neared the open door,
There stood a phantom them before,
A second bride, in like array,
With lovely face unveiled,
Which flushed and bright an instant shone,
Then sickened to the hue of stone;
A rigid form, which barred the way,
As if 'twere armed and mailed.

How quailed false Lyndon at her gaze,
With feeble knee and parching tongue,
And craven hands that clutched and clung
About his bride, dumb with amaze!
"What brings you here?" he whining said—
Her white face looked so like the dead,
Her deep eyes set in deadly glaze.

"*I* am your bride!" No other word
Between her parted lips was heard;
Then with a shiver and a moan,
And hands that to her bosom clung,
Upon the earth a white form rolled.
False bells! ye should a dirge have tolled,
That, echoing through wood and stone,
The bride-peal had outrang!

O bridal bells! O jangling chords!
O discord far too deep for words!
O wedding morn, with hope so rife,
You brought two brides, but not one wife!



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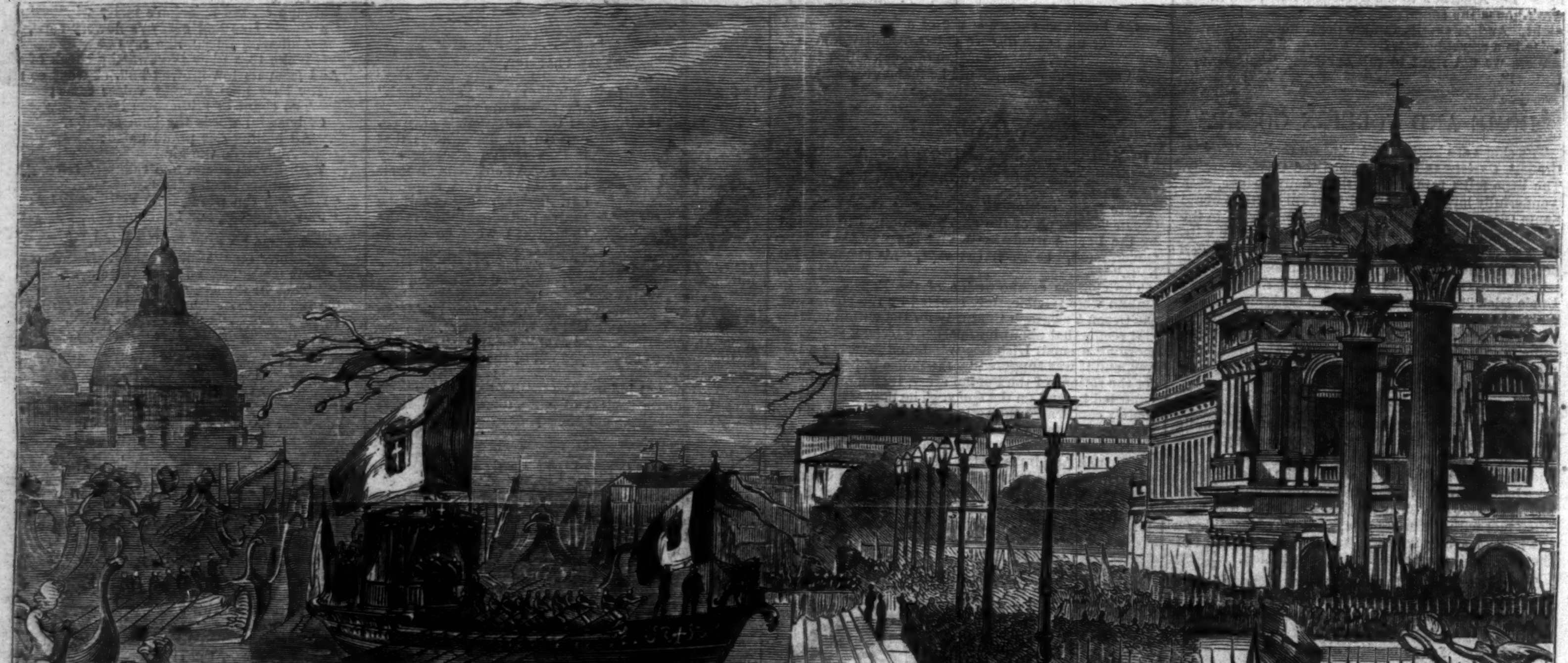

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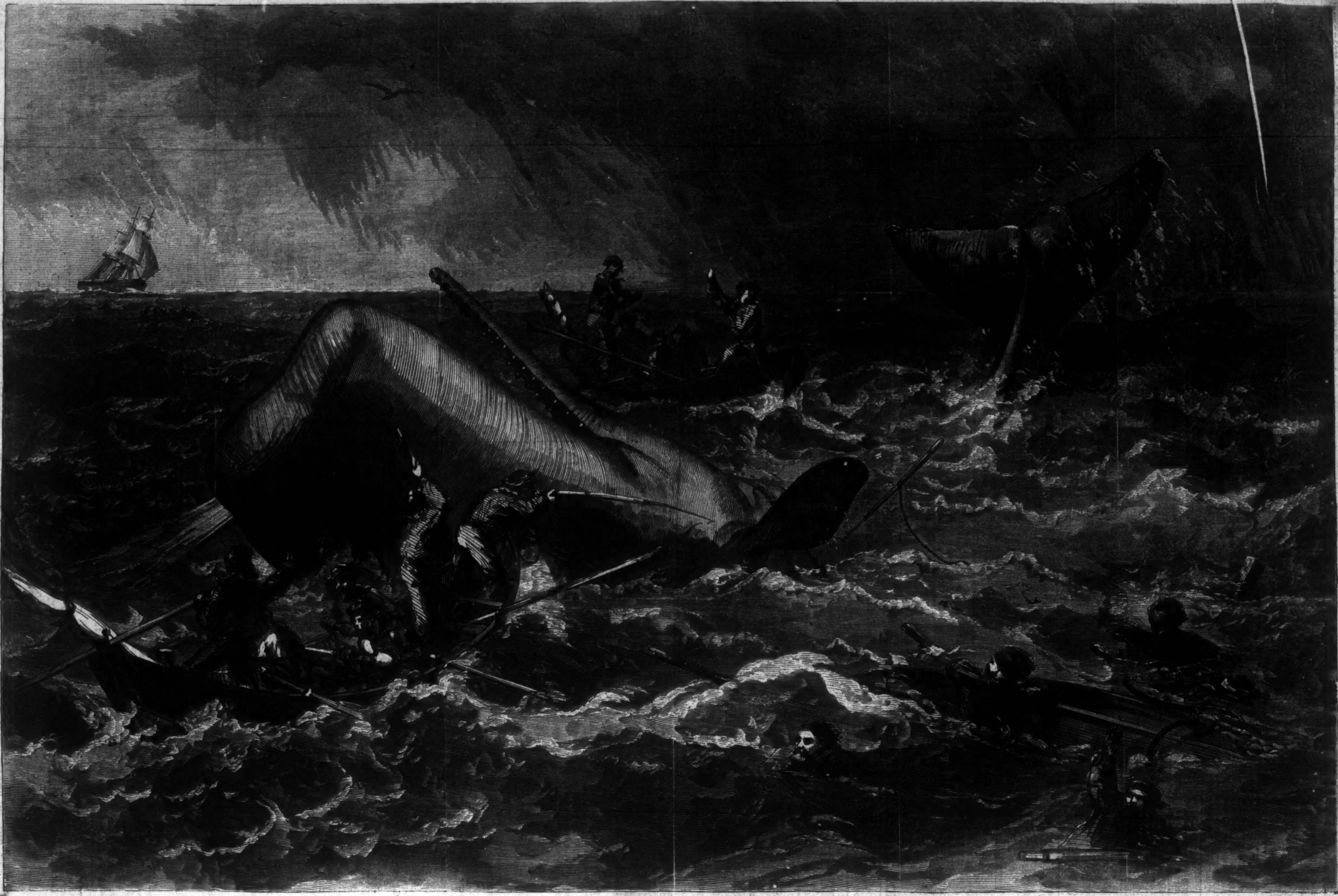

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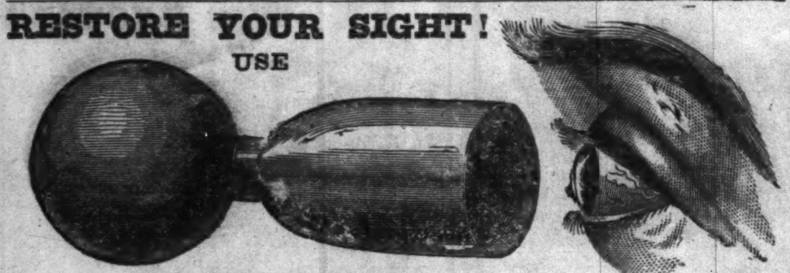

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We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.

OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.

IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.

ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.

GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50.

EVIDENCE AFTER A YEAR'S TRIAL.

TREASURY DEPARTMET,
FOURTH AUDITOR'S OFFICE,
December 1, 1866.

Gt. Am. Tea Co., 31 *and* 33 *Vesey St., New York:*

Inclosed herewith I send you our regular list for December.

It is now twelve months since we began the use of your Teas and Coffees, and I am pleased in being able to say that the satisfaction derived from the use of said articles by the members of this Club, instead of being confined to individual instances, is universal, and I think I may safely say without exception.

Thanking you for the many favors received at your hands, I am, Sirs, very respectfully,

Your obedient Servant, L. CASS CARPENTER.

For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see former Numbers of this Paper.

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,

31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH.
Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at No. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos.* 31 *and* 33 *Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

THE JANUARY NUMBER OF DEMOREST'S YOUNG AMERICA sparkles with beautiful engravings and other extraordinary attractions. It is unquestionably the best juvenile Magazine ever issued. Send for a copy: 15 cents, postpaid. W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, No. 473 Broadway, New York. —*New York Independent.*

PERRY'S FAMILY OINTMENT.

The greatest medical Discovery ever offered; sells faster, and cures all cases of Burns, Scalds, Wounds, Sores, Gathered Breasts, Piles, Chilblains, Rheumatism, Corns, &c. Every body should get it. Price 25 cents. Liberal terms to Agents, Druggists, and Country Dealers. Depot, 157 Chatham Street, New York.

GOOD BOOKS FOR PRESENTS.—NEW PHYSIOGNOMY, with 1000 Illustrations, $5, $8, or $10. It is a Beautiful Book. ÆSOP'S FABLES, People's pictorial edition, tinted paper, only $1. ILLUSTRATED FAMILY GYMNASIUM, $1 75. HOW TO WRITE, HOW TO TALK, HOW TO BEHAVE, and HOW TO DO BUSINESS, in one vol., $2 25. THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL for 1867, only $2. Address FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Presents.

ARRANDALE & CO., 162 BROADWAY, N. Y., are offering over $1,000,000 worth of DRY GOODS in Dresses, Pants, and Coat Patterns, Balmoral Skirts, Furs, Robes, &c., together with a large assortment of WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, and FANCY GOODS, at a uniform price of ONE DOLLAR each, with very liberal terms to agents.

Send 25 cts. for a certificate, or $1 for 5, which will show you what can be obtained for ONE DOLLAR; and if desired we will send our terms to agents.

New York, *October*, 1866.

REMEMBER THE LITTLE ONES;

THE DESTITUTE AND ORPHAN CHILDREN OF OUR *COUNTRY'S DEFENDERS.*

GRAND CHARITABLE FAIR

AND

PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

IN AID OF THE

HOME AND SCHOOL

FOR THE MAINTENANCE AND EDUCATION OF

The Destitute Children

OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

AN APPEAL TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

This HOME AND SCHOOL was chartered in the year 1862 for the objects above set forth. Applicants are received from all the States in the Union: its sphere of usefulness is constantly increasing, the children now numbering over 120; and daily are the requests for the shelter and care of equally deserving ones *denied,* solely for want of room to accommodate them. The old and unsuitable building (on Fifty-eighth Street, New York), now occupied, must be removed for the erection of such a Home as necessity demands; and this call is made upon the public with a firm belief that the Patriotism and Generosity of the American People will nobly respond to the wants of the Little Ones, and that a suitable edifice will be erected, through the means of this Fair and Festival, which shall stand in the cause of humanity as a fitting rebuke to the trite assertion that "Republics are Ungrateful," and which shall, in affording an asylum for our Country's Children, also be an ornament among her institutions.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

We, the Officers and Managers of the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, earnestly solicit the sympathy and co-operation in our FAIR AND GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL, of all who desire with us to see the "Home and School" enabled to receive and care for *all* needy ones who seek its shelter and protection.

Mrs. General ULYSSES S. GRANT, President.
Mrs. CHAS. P. DALY, Acting President.
Mrs. Major-Gen. J. C. FREMONT, 1st Vice-President.
Mrs. ROBERT FORSTER, 2d Vice-President.
Mrs. JOHN S. VOORHIES, Treasurer.
Mrs. DAVID HOYT, Secretary.
Mrs. WM. S. HILLYER, Corresponding Secretary.
Mrs. HERVEY G. LAW, Manager.
Mrs. J. J. VAN DALSEM, Manager.
Mrs. W. GERMOND.
Mrs. JAMES GILLIES.
Mrs. C. MAILLER.
Mrs. WM. MAILLER.
Mrs. HENRY BATJER.

NEW YORK, *October* 1, 1866.

The undersigned desiring to express our sympathy and unite our efforts with the "Home and School" for the Education and Maintenance of the Destitute Children of our Soldiers and Sailors, located in the City of New York, do most cheerfully co-operate with the Ladies composing the Officers and Managers of that Institution as a Supervisory Committee in their approaching "FAIR AND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL."

Major-General VAN VLIET.
Major-General FRANCIS C. BARLOW.
Brigadier-General JOHN COCHRANE.
Brigadier-General WILLIAM HALL.
Brigadier-General RUSH C. HAWKINS.
Brevet Brigadier-General JAMES F. HALL.
Judge Chas. P. Daly, Ch'n of Committee.
JNO. H. WHITE.
G. P. B. HOYT.
J. H. PULESTON.

The following card will be fully appreciated by the public, as it receives the thanks of the Institution:

"To the Managing Directors of the Festival:—Sympathizing with your object, I take pleasure in tendering you, gratuitously, my professional services on the occasion of your Festival. THEODORE THOMAS."

The Fair will open on the 10th of December, and continue two weeks, at the PUBLIC HALL, corner of Broadway and Twenty-third Street, New York. To be concluded by the

GRAND PRESENTATION FESTIVAL

TO BE HELD AT

COOPER INSTITUTE, NEW YORK,

Saturday Evening, December 22,

Under the Musical direction of THEODORE THOMAS, Esq., on which occasion a Committee will be chosen by the audience to award

$100,000 in Presents

In such lawful manner as they may determine. For the Festival there will be issued

200,000 Tickets at One Dollar each, and 200,000 Presents, being one to each Ticket-holder.

LIST OF PRESENTS TO BE AWARDED.

1 *Present in United States Greenbacks*	$10,000
1 Splendid Country Residence in Westchester County, near New York City	12,000
1 corner House and Lot, Jamaica Avenue, East New York	4,000
1 House and Lot adjoining above	3,000
1 House and Lot in Brooklyn, N. Y.	3,000
1 Carriage, Horses, and Harness (complete)	2,500
1 Grand Piano (Steinway's)	1,500
3 Lots in Harlem, City of New York, $1500 each	4,500
1 Set of Diamonds (Ring, Ear-Rings, and Pin)	1,000
1 Paid up Policy of Life Insurance for	5,000
1 "Ellis's Patent Hot-Water Apparatus" for Heating Dwellings	1,000
1 Oil Painting of General U. S. Grant	250
15 Gents' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $200	3,000
15 Ladies' fine Gold Lever Watches, @ $125	1,875
1 Elegant 1st Premium "Empire" Sewing Machine	150
20 Silver-plated Tea Sets, @ $75	1,500
100 Celebrated "Empire" Sewing Machines, now on exhibition at their Warerooms, 616 Broadway	7,500
1000 Copies (2 vols each), being a complete Illustrated History of the War	7,000
250 Gold Pens, Pencils, and Sleeve Buttons, @ $6	1,500
500 Table and Tea Spoons and Napkin Rings, @ $5	2,500
1000 Call Bells and Plated Fruit Knives, @ $3	3,000
The balance to consist of the following articles, viz.: Sets of Cooper's, Lossing's, Bancroft's, and Irving's Works, and those of other Eminent Authors; Musical Instruments, Parlor and Office Furniture, Writing Cases, Ladies' Work Boxes, Music Boxes, Kid Gloves, Photograph Albums, Breast Pins and Finger Rings, Gents' Fob Chains, Ladies' Gold Watch Chains, Opera Glasses, Black Walnut Picture Frames, Gentlemens' Fashionable Silk Hats, Ladies' Newest Style Dress Hats, American Emblem Cards for Parlor Amusement, Engravings and Card Photographs of Distinguished Personages, Ladies' and Gents' Riding-Whips, Buffalo Robes, Ladies' Mink Furs, Gents' Fur Collars and Gloves, &c., &c., amounting to	24,225
Making in the aggregate 200,000 Presents, Valued at	$100,000

THEODORE THOMAS, Esq.,

The talented Musical Director, promises a most delightful treat in the Orchestral and Vocal Exercises for the occasion, no less than forty performers being already engaged, and nothing will be spared to make this the finest Musical Festival ever given in the United States.

HOW TO OBTAIN TICKETS.

The tickets will be supplied to all Booksellers, Druggists, Music Dealers, Hotel Keepers, &c., where they can be obtained at $1 00 each, or in quantities at the Club Rates.—Subscription Lists are now ready for Soldiers and others (male and female) who sympathize with our object, to obtain orders for the Tickets. Circulars giving full directions and terms to Agents will be mailed on recept of stamp for postage.

Orders may be sent direct to us inclosing the money, from $1 to $25, in a *registered letter at our risk,* with stamp for return postage. Larger amounts should be sent in Drafts or by Express at the following

CLUB RATES:

5 Tickets to one address	$4 50	40 Tickets to one address	$35 00
10 Tickets to one address	9 00	50 Tickets to one address	43 50
20 Tickets to one address	17 50	100 Tickets to one address	85 00
30 Tickets to one address	26 25		

Address all orders and communications to

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, or to
N. H. DAVIS, Agent for the Home and School,
616 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

We take pleasure in acknowledging, on behalf of the Home and School, the liberal donation of $500 made by the Empire Sewing Machine Company of No. 616 Broadway, New York.

Editors are invited to notice this Charitable Fair and Festival, and to lend such aid as their sympathy and benevolence suggests.

Contributions and Donations for the Fair will be received and gratefully acknowledged at our office, 616 Broadway.

THOMAS & CO., Managing Directors, 616 Broadway, New York.

$5 SEWING MACHINE. $5

FIRST PREMIUM and IMPROVED, the embodiment of practical utility and extreme simplicity. *Originally patented May* 13, 1862; *Improvement patented June* 9, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, is NOISELESS in operation, sews with DOUBLE OR SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS with extraordinary rapidity, making SIXTEEN stitches to each evolution of the wheel. Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, SHIRR, TUCK, RUN UP BREADTHS, &c., &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years. It has received the approval of all the principal journals, and of those who have USED it.

"With single or double thread, it silently yet very rapidly does the stitching exactly like hand-sewing.—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box, with printed instructions, on receipt of the price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted every where. Address all orders, FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, office 102 Nassau Street, New York.

[*From Rev. J. W. Poland's Autobiogrpphy.*]

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

It was early in the spring of 1855 that this Compound was originated. A member of my family was afflicted with an irritation of the throat, attended with a disagreeable cough. I had for some months previous thought that a preparation having for its basis the inside bark of white pine might be so compounded as to be very useful in the case of the throat and lungs. To test the value of it in the diseases alluded to, I compounded a small quantity of the Medicine I had been planning, and gave it in teaspoonful doses. The result was exceedingly gratifying. Within two days the irritation of the throat was removed, the cough subsided, and a speedy cure was effected. Soon after this I sent some to a lady in Londonderry, N. H., who had been suffering for some weeks with a bad cough, occasioned by a sudden cold, and had raised mucus streaked with blood. She soon found relief, and sent for more. She took about ten ounces of it, and got well. In November, 1855, I first advertised it under the name of WHITE PINE COMPOUND.

"As a remedy for kidney complaints the White Pine Compound stands unrivaled."—*Boston Journal.*

This great New England Remedy is now offered to the afflicted, having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become so well known. It cures sore throat, coughs, diphtheria, bronchitis, spitting of blood, and pulmonary affections generally. It is a remedy for diabetes, bleeding from the kidneys and bladder, and gravel; and for piles and scurvy it will be found valuable.

Sold by druggists and dealers in medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M.D., Proprietor,
Boston, Mass.
H. SCOVILLE, Chicago, Ill.,
FARRAND, SHELEY & CO., Detroit, Mich.,
General Agents for the West.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,

ESTABLISHED 1860.

100,000 Watches, Dress Patterns, Bal. Skirts, Jewelry, Silverware, Dry Goods, &c., &c.,

WORTH $500,000.

ALL TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

Splendid List of Articles.

	EACH.
1000 Gold and Silver hunting cased Watches	$18 to 115
2000 Dress Patterns and Balmoral Skirts	14 to 60
2000 Revolving Castors and Butter-Dishes	15 to 25
10000 Tea, Tab., & Des. Sp'ns & F'ks (℔ doz.)	12 to 24
6000 Napkin-Rings & Butter-Knives (℔ pair)	6 to 10
4000 Vest, Neck, and Guard Chains	5 to 10
15000 California-Diamond Rings and Pins	5 to 10
60000 other articles enumerated on circular	4 to 10

Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed, and, when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail on receipt of 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10, and 100 for $15.

We publish below an extract from one of our numerous complimentary letters, with a view of inspiring confidence in the minds of those who may have been deceived by some of the impostors who imitate our business:

"FORT LYON, *October* 8, 1866.

"J. H. WINSLOW & Co.: *Gents,*—There have been quite a number of men sending for Jewelry, &c., from this place to New York and other places; and, so far, have only found J. H. WINSLOW & Co. honest and truthful in that business. Every thing that has been sent for has come at the proper time, and was just what it was represented to be. There has been no article sent that could have been bought for less than double the money it cost.

"I am, Sirs, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
"A. J. THATCH, Co. K, 5th U. S. Vol. Infantry."

J. H. WINSLOW & CO., 208 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER, 1866.

Terms for 1867.

One Copy for One Year $4 00

An Extra Copy gratis for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $8 00.

Circulation 112,000.

The Publishers will accept a limited Number of first-class Advertisements for their Magazine, at the following low rates:

One Page	$250 00
Half Page	125 00
Quarter Page	70 00

Or $1 50 per line for a less space. Average, eight words to a line.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

Circulation nearly 100,000.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Terms for 1867:

One Copy for One Year	$4 00
One Copy for Three Months	1 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of FIVE SUBSCRIBERS, at $4 00 each, or 6 Copies for $20 00. *Payment invariably in advance.*

THE BOUND VOLUMES OF HARPER'S WEEKLY from the commencement will be sent to any part of the United States, free of carriage, upon receipt of the price, viz.:

Cloth Binding	$7 00 per Volume.
Half Morocco	10 00 "

Each Volume contains the Numbers for One Year.

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HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.